JOHN DRYDEN.

Printed for John Bell, at the British Library in the Strand London, Aug. 16. 1780

BELL'S EDITION,

The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN

COMPLETE, FROM

CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.

DRYDEN VOLUME I.

Hark his hands the Lyre explore!
Bright ey'd Fancy hov'ring o'er.

Gray.

Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London Mar.ch 1777

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN DRYDEN.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Hear how Timotheus' vary'd lays surprize,
And bid alternate passions fall and rise —
The pow'r of music all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was is DRYDEN now. POPE

Behold where DRYDEN's less presumptuous car
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two courtiers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding pace.
Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-eyed Fancy hov'ring o'er,
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
But ah! 'tis heard no more — GRAY

Bell's first edition.

VOL. I.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1782.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN DRYDEN.

VOL. I.

CONTAINING HIS

ASTRÆA REDUX,
ANNUS MIRABILIS,
EPITAPHIUM VIVIÆ,
RELIGIO LAICI,
TYRANNOIS AUGUSTA,
STANZAS TO CROMWELL;

&c. &c. &c.

Before where mitred BRYDEN next appears,
Grown old in empire, but ch[illegible] in years!
Great DRYDEN next! whose tuneful Muse adorns
The sweetest numbers and the noblest words.
Whether in comick fraud he traces hair,
She forms her voice, the moves at smiles or tears.
If satire or heroick strains the writer,
Her hero pleases, and her satire bites.
From her no harsh unartful numbers fall;
One wears all dresses, and the charms in all.

ADDISON.

EDINBURGH:

A[illegible] THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTIN[illegible]

Anno 1784.

THE LIFE OF

JOHN DRYDEN.

THIS illuſtrious Poet was ſon of Eraſmus Dryden of Tichmerſh in Northamptonſhire, third ſon of ſir Eraſmus Dryden of Canons-Aſhby, in the ſame county, Baronet, and born at Aldwincle, near Oundle, 1631. He had his education in grammar-learning at Weſtminſter-ſchool, under the famous Dr. Buſby, and was from thence elected, in 1650, a ſcholar of Trinity-college in Cambridge.

We have no account of any extraordinary indications of genius given by this great Poet while in his earlier days; and he is one inſtance how little regard is to be paid to the figure a boy makes at ſchool. Mr. Dryden was turned of thirty before he introduced any play upon the ſtage, and his firſt, called The Wild Gallants, met with a very indifferent reception; ſo that, if he had not been impelled by the force of genius and propenſion, he had never again attempted the ſtage; a circumſtance which the lovers of dramatick poetry muſt ever have regretted, as they would in this caſe have been deprived of one of the greateſt ornaments that ever adorned the profeſſion.

The year before he left the Univerſity he wrote a

poem on the death of Lord Haſtings, a performance, by ſome of his criticks, very unworthy of himſelf, and of the aſtoniſhing genius he afterwards diſcovered.

That Mr. Dryden had at this time no fixed principles, either in religion or politicks, is abundantly evident from his Heroick Stanzas on Oliver Cromwell, written after his funeral 1658; and immediately upon the Reſtoration he publiſhed Aſtræa Redux, a poem on the happy reſtoration of Charles II.; and the ſame year his Panegyrick to the King on his Coronation.

In 1662 he addreſſed a poem to the Lord Chancellor Hyde, preſented on New-year's-day, and the ſame year publiſhed a Satire on the Dutch. His next piece was his Annus Mirabilis; or, The Year of Wonders, 1666, an hiſtorical poem, which celebrated the Duke of York's victory over the Dutch. In the ſame year Mr. Dryden ſucceeded Sir William Davenant as Poet Laureate, and was alſo made Hiſtoriographer to his Majeſty; and that year publiſhed his Eſſay on Dramatick Poetry, addreſſed to Charles Earl of Dorſet and Middleſex. Mr. Dryden tells his patron, that the writing this Eſſay ſerved as an amuſement to him in the country, when he was driven from Town by the violence of the plague which then raged in London; and he diverted himſelf with thinking on the theatres, as lovers do by ruminating on their abſent miſtreſſes. He there juſtifies the method of writing plays in verſe, but confeſſes that he has quitted

the practice, becauſe he found it troubleſome and ſlow *. In the preface, we are informed that the drift of this diſcourſe was to vindicate the honour of the Engliſh writers from the cenſure of thoſe who unjuſtly prefer the French to them. Langbaine has injuriouſly treated Mr Dryden on account of his dramatick performances, and charges him as a licentious plagiary. The truth is, our Author, as a dramatiſt, is leſs eminent than in any other ſphere of poetry; but, with all his faults, he is even in that reſpect the moſt eminent of his time.

The criticks have remarked, that as to Tragedy he ſeldom touches the paſſions, but deals rather in pompous language, poetical flights and deſcriptions: and too frequently makes his characters ſpeak better than they have occaſion, or ought to do, when their ſphere in the drama is conſidered. And it is peculiar to Dryden (ſays Mr. Addiſon) to make his perſonages as wiſe, witty, elegant, and polite, as himſelf. That he could not ſo intimately affect the tender paſſions is certain, for we find no play of his in which we are much diſpoſed to weep; and we are ſo often enchanted with beautiful deſcriptions, and noble flights of fancy, that we forget the buſineſs of the play, and are only attentive to the Poet, while the characters ſleep. Mr. Gildon obſerves, in his Laws of Poetry, that when it was recommended to Mr. Dryden to turn his

* He might have added, it was unnatural.

thoughts to a tranſlation of Euripides rather than of Homer, he confeſſed that he had no reliſh for that poet, who was a great maſter of tragick ſimplicity. Mr. Gildon further obſerves, as a confirmation that Dryden's taſte for tragedy was not of the genuine ſort; that he conſtantly expreſſed great contempt for Otway, who is univerſally allowed to have ſucceeded very happily in effecting the tender paſſions: yet Mr. Dryden, in his preface to the tranſlation of M. Du Freſnoy, ſpeaks more favourably of Otway; and after mentioning theſe inſtances, Gildon aſcribes this taſte in Dryden to his having read many French romances. — The truth is, if a poet would affect the heart, he muſt not exceed Nature too much, nor colour too high. Diſtreſsful circumſtances, ſhort ſpeeches, and pathetick obſervations, never fail to move infinitely beyond the higheſt rant, or long declamations in tragedy. The ſimplicity of the drama was Otway's peculiar excellence. A living poet obſerves, that from Otway to our own times,

> "From hard to hard the ſtiff cauſtion crept,
> "And Declamation roar'd while Paſſion ſlept."

Mr. Dryden ſeems to be ſenſible that he was not born to write comedy; "For," ſays he, "I want "that gaiety of humour which is required in it; my "converſation is ſlow and dull, my humour ſaturnine "and reſerved. In ſhort, I am none of thoſe who "endeavour to break jeſts in company, and make

"repartees; so that those who decry my Comedies "do me no injury except it be in point of profit: "reputation in them is the last thing to which I shall "pretend *."

This ingenuous confession of inability, one would imagine, were sufficient to silence the clamour of the criticks against Mr Dryden in that particular; but, however true it may be that Dryden did not succeed to any degree in comedy, I shall endeavour to support my assertion, that in tragedy, with all his faults, he is still the most excellent of his time. The end of tragedy is to instruct the mind as well as move the passions; and where there are no shining sentiments, the mind may be affected but not improved; and however prevalent the passion of grief may be over the heart of man, it is certain that he may feel distress in the acutest manner, and not be much the wiser for it. The tragedies of Otway, Lee, and Southern, are irresistibly moving, but they convey not such grand sentiments, and their language is far from being so poetical as Dryden's. Now, if one dramatick poet writes to move, and another to enchant and instruct, as instruction is of greater consequence than being agitated, it follows naturally that the latter is the most excellent writer, and possesses the greatest genius.

But perhaps our Poet would have wrote better in both kinds of the drama, had not the necessity of his

* Defence; or, The Play on Dramatick Poetry.

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circumſtances obliged him to comply with the popular taſte. He himſelf, in his Dedication to the Spaniſh Fryar, inſinuates as much. "I remember," ſays he, "ſome verſes of my own Maximin and Almanzor, "which cry vengeance upon me for their extravagance. All that I can ſay for thoſe paſſages, which "are I hope not many, is, that I knew they were bad "when I wrote them. But I repent of them amongſt "my ſins, and if any of their fellows intrude by "chance into my preſent writings, I draw a veil over "all theſe Dalilahs of the theatre, and am reſolved "I will get me no reputation upon the applauſe "of fools. It is not that I am mortified to all ambition, but I ſcorn as much to take it from half-witted "judges as I ſhould to raiſe an eſtate by cheating of "bubbles. Neither do I diſcommend the lofty ſtyle "in tragedy, which is naturally pompous and magnificent; but nothing is truly ſublime that is not "juſt and proper." He ſays in another place, "that "his Spaniſh Fryar was given to the people, and that "he never wrote any thing in the dramatick way to "pleaſe himſelf but his All for Love."

In 1671 Mr. Dryden was publickly ridiculed on the ſtage in the Duke of Buckingham's comedy called The Rehearſal, under the character of Bays. This character, we are informed in the Key to the Rehearſal, was originally intended for Sir Robert Howard, under the name of Bilboa; but the repreſentation be

ing put a ſtop to by the breaking out of the plague in 1665, it was laid by for ſeveral years, and not exhibited on the ſtage till 1671, in which interval, Mr. Dryden being advanced to the Laurel, the noble author changed the name of his poet from Bilboa to Bays, and made great alterations in his play, in order to ridicule ſeveral dramatick performances that appeared ſince the firſt writing it. Thoſe of Mr. Dryden which fell under his Grace's laſh were, The Wild Gallant, Tyrannick Love, The Conqueſt of Granada, Marriage-a-la-Mode, and Love in a Nunnery. Whatever was extravagant, or too warmly expreſſed, or any way unnatural, the author has ridiculed by parody.

Mr. Dryden affected to deſpiſe the ſatire levelled at him in the Rehearſal, as appears from his Dedication of the tranſlation of Juvenal and Perſius, where ſpeaking of the many lampoons and libels that had been written againſt him, he ſays, "I anſwered not to the "Rehearſal, becauſe I knew the author ſat to himſelf "when he drew the picture, and was the very Bays "of his own farce; becauſe alſo I knew my betters "were more concerned than I was in that ſatire; and, "laſtly, becauſe Mr. Smith and Mr. Johnſon, the "main pillars of it, were two ſuch languiſhing gentle-"men in their converſation, that I could liken them "to nothing but their own relations, thoſe noble cha-"racters of men of wit and pleaſure about Town."

In 1679 came out an Eſſay on Satire, ſaid to be

written jointly by Mr. Dryden and the Earl of Mulgrave. This piece, which was handed about in manuſcript, contained reflections on the Ducheſs of Portſmouth and the Earl of Rocheſter; who ſuſpecting, as Wood ſays, Mr. Dryden to be the author, hired three ruffians to cudgel him in Wills' coffee-houſe at eight o'clock at night. This ſhort anecdote I think cannot be told without indignation. It proved Rocheſter was a malicious coward, and like other cowards cruel and inſolent; his ſoul was incapable of any thing that approached towards generoſity; and when his reſentment was heated, he purſued revenge, and retained the moſt laſting hatred: he had always entertained a prejudice againſt Dryden, from no other motive than envy. Dryden's plays met with ſucceſs; and this was enough to fire the reſentment of Rocheſter, who was naturally envious. In order to hurt the character, and ſhake the intereſt of this noble Poet, he recommended Crown, an obſcure man, to write a Maſk for the Court, which was Dryden's province, as Poet-Laureate, to perform. Crown in this ſucceeded; but ſoon after, when his play, called The Conqueſt of Jeruſalem, met with ſuch extravagant applauſe, Rocheſter, jealous of his new favourite, not only abandoned him, but commenced from that moment his enemy.

The other perſon, againſt whom this ſatire was levelled, was not ſuperiour in virtue to the former; and

all the nation over, two better ſubjects for ſatire could not have been found than Lord Rocheſter and the Dutcheſs of Portſmouth. As for Rocheſter, he had not genius enough to enter the liſts with Dryden, ſo he fell upon another method of revenge, and meanly hired bravoes to aſſault him.

In 1680 came out a tranſlation of Ovid's Epiſtles in Engliſh verſe, by ſeveral hands, two of which were tranſlated by Mr. Dryden, who alſo wrote the preface. In the year following our Author publiſhed Abſalom and Achithophel. It was firſt printed without his name, and is a ſevere ſatire againſt the contrivers and abettors of the oppoſition againſt King Charles II. In the ſame year that Abſalom and Achithophel was publiſhed, the Medal, a Satire, was likewiſe given to the publick. This piece is aimed againſt ſedition, and was occaſioned by the ſtriking of a medal, on account of the indictment againſt the Earl of Shaftſbury for high treaſon, being found ignoramus by the grand jury at the Old Bailey, November 1681; for which the Whig party made great rejoicings, by ringing of bells, bonfires, &c. in all parts of London. The poem is introduced with a very ſatirical epiſtle to the Whigs, in which the Author ſays, "I have one favour to deſire "you at parting, that when you think of anſwer- "ing this poem, you would employ the ſame pens "againſt it who have combated with ſo much ſuc- "ceſs againſt Abſalom and Achithophel, for then you

"may aſſure yourſelves of a clear victory without the "leaſt reply. Rail at me abundantly, and not break "a cuſtom to do it with wit. By this method you will "gain a conſiderable point, which is wholly to waive "the anſwer of my arguments. If God has not bleſ- "ed you with the talent of rhyming, make uſe of "my poor ſtock, and welcome; let your verſes run "upon my feet, and for the utmoſt refuge of notori- "ous blockheads, reduced to the laſt extremity of "ſenſe, turn my own lines againſt me, and, in utter "deſpair, of my own ſatire make me ſatirize myſelf." The whole poem is a ſevere invective againſt the Earl of Shaftſbury, who was uncle to that Earl who wrote the Characteriſticks. Mr. Elkanah Settle wrote an anſwer to this poem, entitled The Medal Reverſed. However contemptible Settle was as a poet, yet ſuch was the prevalence of parties at that time, that, for ſome years he was Dryden's rival on the ſtage. In 1682 came out his Religio Laici, or, A Layman's Faith. This piece is intended as a defence of revealed religion, and the excellency and authority of the Scriptures, as the only rule of faith and manners, againſt Deiſts, Papiſts, and Preſbyterians. He acquaints us in the Preface, that it was written for an ingenious young gentleman, his friend, upon his tranſlation of Father Simon's Critical Hiſtory of the Old Teſtament, and that the ſtyle of it was epiſtolary.

In 1684 he publiſhed a tranſlation of M. Mahm-

bourg's History of the League, in which he was employed by the command of King Charles II. on account of the plain parallel between the troubles of France and those of Great Britain. Upon the death of Charles II. he wrote his Threnodia Augustalis, a poem sacred to the happy memory of that prince. Soon after the accession of James II. our Author turned Roman Catholick, and by this extraordinary step drew upon himself a abundance of ridicule from wits of the opposite faction; and in 1689 he wrote a Defence of the Papers written by the late King, of blessed memory, found in his strong box. Mr. Dryden, in the above-mentioned piece, takes occasion to vindicate the authority of the Catholick Church, in decreeing matters of faith upon this principle, that the church is more visible than the Scriptures, because the Scriptures are seen by the church; and to abuse the Reformation in England, which he affirms was erected on the foundation of lust, sacrilege, and usurpation. Dr. Stillingfleet hereupon answered Mr. Dryden, and treated him with some severity. Another author affirms, that Mr. Dryden's head is very light, in some places ridiculous; and observes, that his talent lay towards controversy no more in prose than, by the Hind and Panther, it appeared to do in verse. This poem of the Hind and Panther is a direct defence of the Romish Church, in a dialogue between a Hind, which represents the Church of Rome, and a Pan-

ther, which supports the character of the Church of England. The first part of this poem consists most in general characters and narration, "which," says he, "I have endeavoured to raise, and give it the majestick "turn of heroick poetry. The second, being matter of "dispute, and chiefly concerning church authority, "I was obliged to make as plain and perspicuous as "possibly I could, yet not wholly neglecting the "numbers, though I had not frequent occasion for "the magnificence of verse. The third, which has "more of the nature of domestick conversation, is or "ought to be more free and familiar than the two "former. There are in it two episodes or fables, "which are interwoven with the main design, so that "they are properly parts of it, though they are also "distinct stories of themselves. In both of these I "have made use of the common places of satire, "whether true or false, which are urged by the mem-"bers of the one church against the other."

This poem was attacked by Mr. Charles Montague, afterwards Earl of Halifax, and Mr. Matthew Prior, who joined in writing the Hind and Panther transversed to the Country Mouse and City Mouse, Lond. 1687, 4to. In the preface to which the authors observe, "that Mr. Dryden's poem naturally falls into "ridicule; and that in this burlesque nothing is re-"presented monstrous and unnatural that is not "equally so in the original." They afterwards re-

mark, that they have this comfort, under the ſeverity of Mr. Dryden's ſatire, to ſee his abilities equally leſſened with his opinion of them, and that he could not be a fit champion againſt the Panther till he had laid aſide his judgment.

Mr. Dryden is ſuppoſed to have been engaged in tranſlating M. Varilla's Hiſtory of Hereſies, but to have dropped that deſign. This we learn from a paſſage in Burnet's Reflections on the ninth book of the firſt volume of M. Varilla's Hiſtory, being a reply to his anſwer.

When the Revolution was completed, Mr Dryden, having turned Papiſt, became diſqualified for holding his place, and was accordingly diſpoſſeſſed of it; and it was conferred on a man to whom he had a confirmed averſion; in conſequence whereof he wrote a ſatire againſt him, called Mac Flecknoe, which is one of the ſevereſt and beſt-written ſatires in our language.

In the year wherein he was deprived of the Laurel he publiſhed the life of St Francis Xavier, tranſlated from the French of Father Dominic Bouhours. In 1693 came out a tranſlation of Juvenal and Perſius; in which the firſt, third, ſixth, tenth, and ſixteenth ſatires of Juvenal, and Perſius entire, were done by Mr. Dryden, who prefixed a long and ingenious diſcourſe, by way of dedication, to the Earl of Dorſet. In this addreſs our author takes occaſion a while to drop his reflections on Juvenal, and to lay before his

lordship a plan for an epick poem. He observes, that his genius never much inclined him to the stage, and that he wrote for it rather from necessity than inclination. He complains that his circumstances are such as not to suffer him to pursue the bent of his own genius, and then lays down a plan upon which an epick poem might be written; to which, says he, I am more inclined. Whether the plan propoted is faulty or no we are not at prefent to conſider: one thing is certain, a man of Mr. Dryden's genius would have covered, by the rapidity of the action, the art of the deſign, and the beauty of the poetry, whatever might have been defective in the plan, and produced a work which might have been the boaſt of the nation: and we cannot help regretting on this occaſion, that Dryden's fortune was not eaſy enough to enable him, with conveniences and leiſure, to purſue a work that might have proved an honour to himſelf, and reflected a portion thereof on all who ſhould have appeared his encouragers on this occaſion.

In 1695 Mr. Dryden publiſhed a tranſlation in proſe of Du Freſnoy's Art of Painting, with a preface containing a parallel between painting and poetry; and Mr. Pope has addreſſed a copy of verſes to Mr. Jervas in praiſe of this tranſlation. In 1697 his tranſlation of Virgil's works came out. This tranſlation has paſſed through many editions, and, of all the attempts which have been made to render Virgil into Engliſh,

the criticks, I think, have allowed that Dryden has succeeded, notwithstanding, as he himself says, when he began it, he was past the grand climacterick: so little influence it seems age had over him, that he retained his judgment and fire in full force to the last. Mr. Pope, in his Preface to Homer, says, if Dryden had lived to finish what he began of Homer, he (Mr. Pope) would not have attempted it after him, "no "more (says he) than I would his Virgil, his version "of whom (notwithstanding some human errours) is "the most noble and spirited translation I know in "any language."

Besides the original pieces and translations hitherto mentioned, Mr. Dryden wrote many others. They consist of translations from the Greek and Latin poets, Epistles to several persons, Prologues and Epilogues to several plays, Elegies, Epitaphs, and Songs. His last work was his Fables, ancient and modern, translated into verse from Homer, Ovid, Boccace, and Chaucer. To this work is prefixed, by way of preface, a critical account of the authors from whom the fables are translated.

As to our Author's performances in prose, besides his Dedications and Prefaces, and controversial writings, they consist of the Lives of Plutarch and Lucian, prefixed to the translation of those authors by several hands; the Life of Polybius, before the translation of that historian by Sir Henry Sheers, and the

Preface to the Dialogue concerning Women, by William Walſh, Eſq.

Mr. Dryden died the 1ſt of May 1701, and was interred in Weſtminſter-Abbey. On the 19th of April he had been very bad with the gout and eriſipelas in one leg; but he was then ſomewhat recovered, and deſigned to go abroad. On the Friday following he ate a partridge for his ſupper, and going to take a turn in the little garden behind his houſe in Gerard-ſtreet, he was ſeized with a violent pain under the ball of the great toe of his right foot. Unable to ſtand, he cried out for help, and was carried in by his ſervants, when, upon ſending for ſurgeons, they found a ſmall black ſpot in the place affected. He ſubmitted to their preſent applications, and, when gone, called his ſon Charles to him, uſing theſe words: "I "know this black ſpot is a mortification; I know alſo "that it will ſeize my head, and that they will attempt to cut off my leg; but I command you, my "ſon, by your filial duty, that you do not ſuffer me "to be diſmembered." As he foretold the event proved, and his ſon was too dutiful to diſobey his father's commands.

He married the Lady Elizabeth Howard, daughter of the Earl of Berkſhire, who ſurvived him about eight years, and by whom he had three ſons, Charles, John, and Henry. Charles became Uſher of the palace to Pope Clement XI., and, returning to England, was

drowned in the Thames near Windsor in 1704. He was the author of several things, and translated the sixth satire of Juvenal. John translated the fourteenth satire of Juvenal; was the author of a comedy called The Husband his own Cuckold, printed in 1696, and died of a fever at Rome. Henry entered into religious orders.

The day after Mr. Dryden's death, the Dean of Westminster sent word to Mr. Dryden's widow, that he would make a present of the ground, and all other Abbey-fees, for the funeral. The Lord Halifax likewise sent to the Lady Elizabeth, and to Mr. Charles Dryden, offering to defray the expenses of our Poet's funeral, and afterwards to bestow 500 l. on a monument in the Abbey, which generous offer was accepted. Accordingly, on Sunday following the company being assembled, the corpse was put into a velvet hearse, attended by eighteen mourning coaches. When they were just ready to move, Lord Jeffreys, son of Lord Chancellor Jeffreys, a name dedicated to infamy, with some of his rakish companions, riding by, asked whose funeral it was? and being told it was Mr. Dryden's, he protested he should not be buried in that private manner; that he would himself, with the Lady Elizabeth's leave, have the honour of the interment, and would bestow a thousand pounds on a monument in the Abbey for him. This put a stop to their proceedings, and the Lord Jeffreys, with fe-

veral of the gentlemen, who had alighted from their coaches, went up ſtairs to the lady, who was ſick in bed. His Lordſhip repeated the purport of what he had ſaid below; but the Lady Elizabeth refuſing her conſent, he fell on his knees, vowing never to riſe till his requeſt was granted. The lady, under a ſudden ſurpriſe fainted away, and Lord Jeffreys, pretending to have obtained her conſent, ordered the body to be carried to Mr. Ruſſel's, an undertaker in Cheapſide, and to be left there till further orders. In the meantime the Abbey was lighted up, the ground opened, the choir attending, and the Biſhop waiting ſome hours to no purpoſe for the corpſe. The next day Mr. Charles Dryden waited on my Lord Halifax and the Biſhop, and endeavoured to excuſe his mother by relating the truth. Three days after, the undertaker, having received no orders, waited on the Lord Jeffreys, who pretended it was a drunken frolick; that he remembered nothing of the matter, and he might do what he pleaſed with the body. Upon this the undertaker waited on the Lady Elizabeth, who deſired a day's reſpite, which was granted. Mr. Charles Dryden immediately wrote to the Lord Jeffreys, who returned for anſwer, that he knew nothing of the matter and would be troubled no more about it. Mr. Dryden hereupon applied again to the Lord Halifax and the Biſhop of Rocheſter, who abſolutely refuſed to do any thing in the affair.

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In this diſtreſs Dr. Garth, who had been Mr. Dryden's intimate friend, ſent for the corpſe to the College of Phyſicians, and propoſed a ſubſcription; which ſucceeding, about three weeks after Mr. Dryden's deceaſe Dr. Garth pronounced a fine Latin oration over the body, which was conveyed from the College, attended by a numerous train of coaches to Weſtminſter-Abbey, but in very great diſorder. At laſt the corpſe arrived at the Abbey, which was all unlighted. No organ played, no Anthem ſung; only two of the ſinging boys preceded the corpſe, who ſung an ode of Horace, with each a ſmall candle in their hand. When the funeral was over, Mr. Charles Dryden ſent a challenge to Lord Jeffreys, who refuſing to anſwer it, he ſent ſeveral others, and went often himſelf; but could neither get a letter delivered, nor admittance to ſpeak to him: which ſo incenſed him, that finding his Lordſhip refuſed to anſwer him like a gentleman, he reſolved to watch an opportunity, and brave him to fight, though with all the rules of honour; which his Lordſhip hearing, quitted the Town, and Mr. Charles never had an opportunity to meet him, though he ſought it to his death with the utmoſt application.

The character of Mr. Dryden has been drawn by various hands, ſome have done it in a favourable, others in an oppoſite manner. The Biſhop of Sarum, in the Hiſtory of his own Times, ſays, that the ſtage was defiled beyond all example; "Dryden, the great maſter of dramatick poetry, being a monſter of lewd

"modeſty and impurities of all ſorts*." The late Lord Landſdowne took upon himſelf to vindicate Mr. Dryden's character from this ſevere imputation, which was again anſwered, and apologies for it, by Mr. Burnet, the Biſhop's ſon. But not to dwell on theſe controverſies about his character, let us hear what Mr. Congreve ſays, in the Dedication of Dryden's works to the Duke of Newcaſtle. Congreve knew him intimately; and as he could have no motive to deceive the world in that particular, and being a man of untainted morals, none can ſuſpect his authority. By his account it appears that Dryden was indeed as amiable in private life as a Man, as he was illuſtrious in the eye of the publick as a Poet.

"Mr. Dryden (ſays Congreve) had perſonal qua-
"lities to challenge love and eſteem from all who
"were truly acquainted with him. He was of a na-
"ture exceeding humane and compaſſionate, eaſily
"forgiving injuries, and capable of a prompt and
"ſincere reconciliation with thoſe who had offended
"him.—His friendſhip, where he profeſſed it, went
"much beyond his profeſſions.—As his reading had
"been very extenſive, ſo was he very happy in a me-
"mory tenacious of every thing he had read. He was
"not more poſſeſſed of knowledge than he was com-

* In Millar's edition of the Biſhop's work we have the following note upon this paſſage. "This (ſays the editor) "muſt be underſtood of his performances for the ſtage; for "as to his perſonal character, there was nothing remarkably "vicious in it: but his plays are, ſome of them, ſhockingly "obſcene and immoral."

" municative of it; but then his communication of
" it was by no means pedantick, or impoſed upon the
" converſation, but juſt ſuch, and went ſo far as, by
" the natural turns of the diſcourſe in which he was
" engaged, it was neceſſarily prompted or required.
" He was extremely ready and gentle in the correc-
" tion of the errours of any writer who thought fit to
" conſult him, and full as ready and patient to admit
" of the reprehenſion of others in reſpect of his own
" overſights or miſtakes. He was of a very eaſy, I may
" ſay, of very pleaſing, acceſs; but ſomething ſlow,
" and, as it were, diffident in his advances to others.
" He had ſomething in his nature that abhorred in-
" truſion in any ſociety whatſoever, and indeed it is
" to be regretted that he was rather blameable on the
" other extreme. He was of all men I ever knew the
" moſt modeſt, and the moſt eaſy to be diſcounte-
" nanced in his approaches either to his ſuperiours or
" his equals.—As to his writings—I may venture to
" ſay in general terms, that no man hath written in
" our language ſo much, and ſo various matter, and in
" ſo various manners, ſo well. Another thing I may
" ſay was very peculiar to him, which is, that his
" parts did not decline with his years, but that he
" was an improving writer to the laſt, even to near
" ſeventy years of age, improving even in fire and ima-
" gination as well as in judgment: witneſs his Ode
" on St Cecilia's Day, and his Fables, his lateſt per-
" formances. He was equally excellent in verſe and

"profe: his profe had all the clearnefs imaginable, "without deviating to the language or diction of "poetry; and I have heard him frequently own with "pleafure, that if he had any talent for writing profe, "it was owing to his frequently having read the "writings of the great Archbifhop Tillotfon. In his "Poems his diction is, wherever the fubject requires "it, fo fublime and fo truly poetical, that its eflence, "like that of pure gold, cannot be deftroyed. Take "his verfes, and diveft them of their rhymes, disjoint "them of their numbers, tranfpofe their expreffions, "make what arrangement to difpofition you pleafe in "his words, yet fhall there eternally be poetry, and "fomething which will be found incapable of being "reduced to abfolute profe. What he has done in "any one fpecies, or diftinct kind of writing, would "have been fufficient to have acquired him a very "great name. If he had written nothing but his Pre-"faces, or nothing but his Songs, or his Prologues, "each of them would have entitled him to the pre-"ference and diftinction of excelling in its kind."

Befides Mr. Dryden's numerous other performances, we find him Author of the twenty-fix dramatick pieces following, viz.

1. The Wild Gallant, a Comedy, 1669.

2. The Indian Emperour; or, The Conqueft of Mexico by the Spaniards.

3. An Evening's Love; or, The Mock Aftrologer, a Comedy, 1671.

4. Marriage à-la-Mode, a Comedy, 1673.

5. Amboyna, a Tragedy, 1673.

6. The Miſtaken Huſband, a Comedy, 1675.

7. Aurenge-zebe; or, The Great Mogul, a Tragedy, 1676.

8. The Tempeſt; or, The Enchanted Iſland, a Comedy, 1676.

9. Feigned Innocence; or, Sir Martin Mar-all, a Comedy, 1678.

10. The Aſſignation; or, Love in a Nunnery, a Comedy, 1678.

11. The State of Innocence; or, The Fall of Man, an Opera, 1678.

12. The Conqueſt of Granada by the Spaniards, in two parts, two Tragi-Comedies, 1678.

13. All for Love; or, The World well Loſt, a Tragedy, 1678.

14. Tyrannick Love; or, The Royal Martyr, a Tragedy, 1679.

15. Troilus and Creſſida; or, Truth found too late, a Tragedy, 1679.

16. Secret Love; or, The Maiden Queen, a Tragi-Comedy, 1679.

17. The Rival Ladies, a Tragi-Comedy, 1679.

18. The Kind Keeper; or, Mr. Limberham, a Comedy, 168[illegible].

19. The Spaniſh Fryar; or, The Double Diſcovery, a Tragi-Comedy, 1681.

20. Duke of Guise, a Tragedy, 1683.

21. Albion and Albanius, an Opera, 1685.

22. Don Sebastian King of Portugal, a Tragedy, 1690.

23. King Arthur; or, The British Worthy, a Tragedy, 1691.

24. Amphytrion; or, The two Sosias, a Comedy, 1691.

25. Cleomenes, the Spartan Hero, a Tragedy, 1692.

26. Love Triumphant; or, Nature will prevail, a Tragi-Comedy, 1694.

Mr. Dryden had no monument erected to him for several years; to which Mr. Pope alludes, in his epitaph intended for Mr. Rowe, in this line:

Beneath a rude and nameless stone he lies.

In a note upon which we are informed, that the tomb of Mr. Dryden was erected upon this hint, by Sheffield Duke of Buckingham, to which was originally intended this epitaph:

This Sheffield raised——The sacred dust below
Was Dryden once; the rest who does not know?

Which was since changed into the plain inscription now upon it, viz.

J. DRYDEN,

NATUS AUG. 9. 1631.

MORTUS MAII 1. 1701.

Johannes Sheffield, Dux Buckinghamiæ fecit.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Publick is here obliged with the Poetical Works of Mr. Dryden, detached from the compositions of inferiour writers, with which moſt of them have been hitherto blended in the *Miſcellanies* *. It was thought but juſtice to the productions of ſo excellent a Poet, to ſet them free at laſt from ſo diſadvantageous, if not unnatural, an union; which, like the cruelty of Mezentius in Virgil, was no leſs than a junction of *living* and *dead* bodies. We ſay this in reſpect to numberleſs pieces in Mr. Dryden's *Miſcellanies*, without deregating from that praiſe which is juſtly due to others among them. But, not to enter into the merit of Mr. Dryden's *fellow-undertakers* † in that *collection*, or the motives which induced him to write in conjunction with others, we may venture to ſay it is now high time the *partnerſhip* ſhould be diſſolved, and Mr. Dryden left to ſtand upon his own bottom. His credit, as a Poet, is out of all danger, though the withdrawing his ſtock may probably expoſe many of his copartners to the hazard of a poetical bankruptcy.

There is, indeed, a Collection of original poems and tranſlations by Mr. Dryden, publiſhed for J. Tonſon in 1701, in a thin folio; and another by J. and R. Tonſon, in two volumes duodecimo, in 1733;

* Thoſe publiſhed by Mr. Dryden himſelf in Six Parts, and others.

† So he himſelf calls them, Preface to the *Miſcellanies*.

but the firſt does not contain much above *half* the pieces, and the laſt is *not complete*, ſeveral of the Prologues, Epilogues, Songs, and Epitaphs, being entirely omitted; ſo that neither the one nor the other did fully anſwer the deſign of the preſent Collection, which is meant to include the *whole* of Mr. Dryden's *original Poems*, upon which, as has been obſerved by one of his biographers (*Biograph. Dict.* vol. IV. p. 228.) his poetical reputation is chiefly built.

In all the editions we have ſeen of Mr. Dryden's *original Poems*, the ſecond part of his Abſalom and Achithophel has been printed imperfect, the lines wrote by Mr. Tate, upwards of 300 in number, being entirely omitted. In order to connect the reading and ſenſe of the Poem, thus interrupted, theſe lines we have reſtored, as well as the deſultory Prologues, Epilogues, Songs, &c. and, by the reſtoration, offer to the Reader, in the preſent edition, not a mutilated, but a perfect poem: not a partial, but a complete Collection of Mr. Dryden's *original poetical pieces*.

VERSES

IN PRAISE OF MR. DRYDEN.

ON MR. DRYDEN'S RELIGIO LAICI.

BY THE EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

BEGONE you slaves, you idle vermine go,
Fly from the scourges, and your master know;
Let free impartial men from Dryden learn
Mysterious secrets of a high concern,
And weighty truths, solid convincing sense,
Explain'd by unaffected eloquence.
What can you (Rev'rend Levi) here take ill?
Men still had faults, and men will have them still:
He that hath none, and lives as angels do,
Must be an angel: but what's that to you?

While mighty Lewis finds the Pope too great,
And dreads the yoke of his imposing seat,
Our feels a more tyrannick pow'r assume,
And would for scorpions change the rods of Rome;
That church detain'd the legacy divine;
Fanaticks cast the pearls of heav'n to swine:
What then have thinking honest men to do
But chuse a mean betwe'n th' usurping two?

Nor can the Egyptian patriarch blame thy Muse,
Which for his firmness does his heat excuse;

Whatever councils have approv'd his creed,
The preface sure was his own act and deed.
Our church will have that preface read you'll say:
'Tis true: but so she will th' Apocrypha;
And such as can believe them freely may.

But did that God, (so little understood)
Whose darling attribute is being good,
From the dark womb of the rude chaos bring
Such various creatures, and make man their king,
Yet leave his favourite man, his chiefest care,
More wretched than the vilest insects are?

O! how much happier and more safe are they?
If helpless millions must be doom'd a prey
To yelling furies, and for ever burn
In that sad place from whence is no return,
For unbelief in one they never knew,
Or for not doing what they could not do!
The very fiends know for what crime they fell,
And so do all their follow'rs that rebel:
If then a blind well meaning Indian stray,
Shall the great pulpit be shew'd him for the way?

For better ends our kind Redeemer dy'd,
Or the fall'n angels' rooms will be but ill supply'd.

That Christ, who at the great deciding day
(For he declares what he resolves to say)
Will damn the goats for their ill-natur'd faults,
And save the sheep for actions, not for thoughts,

Hath too much mercy to fend men to hell
For humble charity and hoping well.
To what ſtupidity are zealots grown,
Whoſe inhumanity profanely ſhown
In damning crowds of ſouls, may damn their own!
I'll err at leaſt on the ſecurer ſide,
A convert free from malice and from pride.

FROM MR ADDISON'S ACCOUNT OF THE ENGLISH POETS.

But ſee where artful Dryden next appears,
Crown'd old in rhyme, but charming ev'n in years!
Great Dryden next? whoſe tuneful Muſe affords
The ſweeteſt numbers and the fitteſt words.
Whether in comick ſounds or tragick airs
She forms her voice, ſhe moves our ſmiles and tears,
In ſatire or heroick ſtrains ſhe writes,
Her hero pleases, and her ſatire bites.
From her no barſh unartful numbers fall;
She wears all dreſſes, and ſhe charms in all.
How might we fear our Engliſh poetry,
That long has flouriſh'd ſhould decay in thee,
Did not the Muſes other hope appear!
Harmonious Congreve and forbid our fear;
Congreve! whoſe fancy's unexhauſted ſtore
Has giv'n already much, and promis'd more:
Congreve ſhall ſtill preſerve thy fame alive,
And Dryden's Muſe ſhall in his friend ſurvive.

ON ALEXANDER'S FEAST:

OR, THE POWER OF MUSICK. AN ODE.

From Mr. Pope's Eſſay on Criticiſm, l. 370.

HEAR how Timotheus' vary'd lays ſurpriſe,
And bid alternate paſſions fall and riſe!
While at each change the ſon of Libyan Jove
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love:
Now his fierce eyes with ſparkling fury glow,
Now ſighs ſteal out, and tears begin to flow.
Perſians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
And the world's victor ſtood ſubdu'd by ſound.
The pow'r of muſick all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was is Dryden now.

CHARACTER OF DRYDEN,

FROM AN ODE OF GRAY'S.

BRING the where Dryden's leſs preſumptuous car
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two courſers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder cloth'd, and long-reſounding pace.
Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-eyʼd fancy hov'ring o'er,
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
But ah! 'tis heard no more——

Oh! lyre divine, what daring ſpirit
Wakes thee now? tho' he inherit
Nor the pride nor ample pinion
That the Theban Eagle bear,
Sailing with ſupreme dominion
Thro' the azure deep of air;
Yet oft' before his infant-eyes would run
Such forms as glitter in the Muſe's ray
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the ſun:
Yet ſhall he mount, and keep his diſtant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the good how far—but far above the great.

TO THE UNKNOWN AUTHOR OF
ABSALOM AND ACHITHOPHEL.

TAKE it as earneſt of a faith renew'd,
Your theme is vaſt, your verſe divinely good;
Where, tho' the Nine their beauteous ſtrokes repear,
And the turn'd lines on golden anvils beat,
It looks as if they ſtrook 'em at a heat.
So ſerenely great, ſo juſt refin'd,
Like angels' love to human ſeed inclin'd,
It ſtarts a giant, and exalts the kind.
'Tis ſpirit ſeen, whoſe fiery atoms rowl,
So brightly fierce, each ſyllable 's a ſoul.
'Tis miniature of man, but he 's all heart;
'Tis what the world would be, but wants the art;
To whom e'en the Fanaticks altars raiſe,
Blow in their own deſpite, and grin your praiſe;

As if a Milton from the dead aroſe,
Fil'd off the ruſt, and the right party choſe.
Nor Sir be ſhock'd at what the gloomy ſay;
Turn not your feet too inward nor too ſplay.
'Tis gracious all, and great; puſh on your theme;
Lean your griev'd head on David's diadem:
David, that rebel Iſrael's envy mov'd;
David, by God and all good men belov'd.
The beauties of your Abſalom excel,
But more the charms of charming Annabel:
Of Annabel, than May's firſt morn more bright,
Cheerful as ſummer's noon, and chaſte as winter's night.
Of Annabel, the Muſes' deareſt theme;
Of Annabel, the angel of my dream.
Thus let a broken eloquence attend,
And to your maſterpiece theſe ſhadows ſend.

NAT. LEE.

TO THE UNKNOWN AUTHOR OF ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

I THOUGHT, forgive my ſin, the boaſted fire
Of poets' ſouls did long ago expire;
Of folly or of madneſs did accuſe
The wretch that thought himſelf poſſeſt with Muſe;
Laugh'd at the god within that did inſpire
With more than human thoughts the tuneful quire:
But ſure 'tis more than fancy, or the dream
Of rhymers ſlumb'ring by the Muſes' ſtream.

Some livelier ſpark of Heav'n, and more refin'd
From earthly droſs, fills the great Poet's mind.
Witneſs theſe mighty and immortal lines,
Thro' each of which th' informing genius ſhines.
Scarce a diviner flame inſpir'd the king,
Of whom thy Muſe does ſo ſublimely ſing:
Not David's ſelf could in a nobler verſe
His gloriouſly-offending ſon rehearſe,
Tho' in his breaſt the prophet's fury met,
The father's fondneſs, and the poet's wit.
Here all conſent in wonder and in praiſe,
And to the unknown Poet altars raiſe;
Which thou muſt needs accept with equal joy,
As when Æneas heard the wars of Troy,
(Wrapt up himſelf in darkneſs and unſeen)
Extoll'd with wonder by the Tyrian Queen.
Sure thou already art ſecure of fame,
Nor want'ſt new glories to exalt thy name.
What father elſe would have refus'd to own
So great a ſon as godlike Abſalom?

R. DUKE.

TO THE CONCEALED AUTHOR OF ABSALOM AND ACHITHOPHEL.

Hail heav'n-born Muſe! hail ev'ry ſacred page!
The glory of our iſle and of our age:
Th' inſpiring ſun to Albion draws more nigh,
The North at length teems with a work to vie
With Homer's flame and Virgil's majeſty.

While Pindus' lofty heights our Poet fought,
(His raviſh'd mind with vaſt ideas fraught)
Our language fail'd beneath his riſing thought.
This checks not his attempt: for Maro's mines
He drains of all their gold t' adorn his lines,
Thro' each of which the Mantuan Genius ſhines.
The rock obey'd the pow'rful Hebrew guide,
Her flinty breaſt diſſolv'd into a tide:
Thus on our ſtubborn language he prevails,
And makes the Helicon in which he ſails;
The dialect, as well as ſenſe, invents,
And with his poem a new ſpeech preſents.
Hail then, thou matchleſs Bard, thou great Unknown!
That give your country fame, yet ſhun your own!
In vain; for ev'ry where your praiſe you find,
And, not to meet it, you muſt ſhun mankind.
Your loyal theme each loyal reader draws,
And e'en the factious give your verſe applauſe.
Who ſe lightning ſtrikes to ground their idol cauſe:
The cauſe, for whoſe dear ſake they drank a flood
Of civil gore, nor ſpar'd the Royal blood;
The cauſe, whoſe growth to cruſh, our prelates wrote
In vain, almoſt in vain our heroes fought;
Yet by one ſtab of your keen ſatire dies;
Before your ſacred lines their ſhatter'd Dagon lies.
Oh! if unworthy we appear to know
The fire to whom this lovely birth we owe:

Deny'd our ready homage to expreſs,
And can at beſt but thankful be by gueſs;
This hope remains; may David's godlike mind,
(For him 't was wrote) the unknown Author find;
And having found, ſhow'r equal favours down
On wit ſo vaſt as could oblige a crown.

N. LATE.

UPON THE AUTHOR OF THE MEDAL.

A SATIRE.

Once more our awful Poet arms t' engage
The threat'ning hydra-faction of the age;
Once more prepares his dreadful pen to wield,
And ev'ry Muſe attends him to the field.
By Art and Nature for this taſk deſign'd,
Yet modeſtly the fight he long declin'd;
Forebore the torrent of his verſe to pour,
Nor loos'd his ſatire till the needful hour.
His ſov'reign's right, by patience half betray'd,
Wak'd his avenging genius to his aid.
Bleſ-'d Muſe! whoſe wit with ſuch a cauſe was crown'd,
And bleſs'd the cauſe that ſuch a champion found!
With choſen verſe upon the foe he falls,
And black Sedition in each quarter galls;
Yet, like a prince with ſubjects forc'd t' engage,
Secure of conqueſt he rebates his rage;

His fury not without diſtinction ſheds,
Hurls mortal bolts, but on devoted heads;
To leſs-infected members gentle found,
Or ſpares, or elſe pours balm into the wound.
Such gen'rous grace th' ingrateful tribe abuſe,
And treſpaſs on the mercy of his Muſe:
Their wretched dogg'rel rhymers forth they bring,
To ſnarl and bark againſt the poet's king;
A crew that ſcandalize the nation more
Than all their treaſon-canting prieſts before.
On theſe he ſcarce vouchſafes a ſcornful ſmile,
But on their pow'rful patrons turns his ſtyle:
A ſtyle ſo keen, as e'en from faction draws
The vital poiſon, ſtabs to th' heart their cauſe.
Take then, great Bard! what tribute we can raiſe;
Accept our thanks, for you tranſcend our praiſe.

N. TATE.

TO THE

UNKNOWN AUTHOR OF THE MEDAL,

A SATIRE:

AND OF ABSALOM AND ACHITHOPHEL.

THUS pious ignorance, with dubious praiſe,
Altars of old to gods unknown did raiſe:
They knew not the lov'd Deity; they knew
Divine effects a cauſe divine did ſhew,

Nor can we doubt, when such these numbers are,
Such is their cause, tho' the worst Muse shall dare
Their sacred worth in humble verse declare.

As gentle Thames, charm'd with thy tuneful song,
Glides in a peaceful majesty along,
No rebel stone, no lofty bank does brave
The easy passage of his silent wave;
So, sacred Poet! so thy numbers flow,
Sinewy yet mild as happy lovers woo;
Strong, yet harmonious too as planets move,
Yet soft as down upon the wings of Love.
How sweet does Virtue in your dress appear!
How much more charming when much less severe!
Whilst you our senses harmlessly beguile,
With all th' allurements of your happy style,
Y' insinuate loyalty with kind deceit,
And into sense th' unthinking many cheat.
So the sweet Thracian with his charming lyre
Into rude nature virtue did inspire;
So he the savage herd to reason drew,
Yet scarce so sweet, so charmingly, as you.
O that you would, with some such pow'rful charm,
Enervate Albion to just valour warm!
Whether much-suffering Charles shall theme afford,
Or the great deeds of godlike James' sword;
Again fair Gallia might be ours, again
Another fleet might pass the subject main,

Another Edward lead the Britons on,
Or ſuch an Oſſory as you did mean:
While in ſuch numbers you, in ſuch a ſtrain,
Inflame their courage, and reward their pain.
Let falſe Achithophel the rout engage,
Talk eaſy Abſalom to rebel rage;
Let frugal Shimei curſe in holy zeal,
Or modeſt Corah more new plots reveal;
Whilſt conſtant to himſelf, ſecure of Fate,
Good David ſtill maintains the royal ſtate.
Tho' each in vain ſuch various ills employs,
Firmly he ſtands, and e'en thoſe ills enjoys;
Firm as fair Albion, 'midſt the raging main,
Surveys encircling danger with diſdain
In vain the waves aſſault the unmov'd ſhore,
In vain the winds with mingled fury roar,
Fair Albion's beauteous cliffs ſhine whiter than before.
Nor ſhalt thou move, tho' Hell thy fall conſpire,
Tho' the worſe rage of Zeal's fanatick fire;
Thou beſt, thou greateſt, of the Britiſh race,
Thou only fit to fill great Charles' place!
Ah wretched Britons! ah too ſtubborn Iſle!
Ah ſtiff-neck'd Iſrael on bleſs'd Canaan's ſoil!
Are thoſe dear proofs of Heav'n's indulgence vain,
Reſtoring David and his gentle reign?
Is it in vain thou all the goods doſt know,
Auſpicious ſtars on mortals ſhed below,
While all thy ſtreams with milk, thy lands with honey, flow?

No more, fond Iſle! no more thyſelf engage
In civil fury and inteſtine rage:
No rebel zeal thy duteous land moleſt,
But a ſmooth calm ſooth ev'ry peaceful breaſt,
While in ſuch charming notes divinely ſings
The beſt of Poets of the beſt of Kings.

J. ADAMS.

TO MR. DRYDEN,

ON HIS RELIGIO LAICI.

Thoſe gods the pious Ancients did adore,
They learnt in verſe devoutly to implore,
Thinking it rude to uſe the common way
Of talk, when they did to ſuch beings pray.
Nay, they that taught religion firſt, thought fit
In verſe its ſacred precepts to tranſmit:
So Solon too, did his firſt ſtatutes draw,
And ev'ry little ſtanza was a law.
By theſe few precedents we plainly ſee
The primitive deſign of poetry;
Which, by reſtoring to its native uſe,
You generouſly have reſcu'd from abuſe.
Whilſt your lov'd Muſe does in ſweet numbers ſing,
She vindicates her God and godlike King.
Atheiſt, and rebel too, ſhe does oppoſe,
(God and the King have always the ſame foes.)
Legions of verſe you raiſe in their defence,
And write the factious to obedience:

You the bold Arian to arms defy,
A conqu'ring champion for the Deity
Againſt the Whigs' firſt parents, who did dare
To diſinherit God Almighty's Heir.
And what the hot-brain'd Arian firſt began
Is carry'd on by the Socinian,
Who ſtill aſſociates to keep God a man.
But 'tis the Prince of poets' talk alone
To aſſert the rights of God's and Charles' throne,
Whilſt vulgar poets purchaſe vulgar fame
By chaunting Chloris' or fair Phillis' name;
Whoſe reputation in all laſt as long
As tops and ladies ſing the amorous ſong.
A nobler ſubject wiſely they refuſe,
The mighty weight would cruſh their feeble Muſe.
So ſtory tells, A painter once would try
With his bold hand to limn a deity;
And he, by frequent practiſing that part,
Could draw a minor god with wondrous art;
But when great Jove did to the workman ſit,
The Thunderer ſuch horrour did beget,
That put the frighted artiſt to a ſtand,
And made his pencil drop from's baffled hand.

ASTRÆA REDUX.

A Poem on the happy Restauration and return of His Sacred Majesty, Charles II. 1660.

"Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna,
Jam nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto,
Tu modo nascenti puero, quo ferrea primum
Desinet ac toto surget gens aurea mundo,
Casta fave Lucina: tuus jam regnat Apollo."

Now with a general peace the world was bleſt,
While ours, a world divided from the reſt,
A dreadful quiet felt, and, worſer far
Than arms, a ſullen interval of war:
Thus when black clouds draw down the lab'ring ſkies
Ere yet abroad the winged thunder flies,
An horrid ſtillneſs firſt invades the ear,
And in that ſilence we the tempeſt fear.
Th' ambitious Swede, like reſtleſs billows toſt,
On this hand gaining what on that he loſt,
Tho' in his life he blood and ruin breath'd,
To his new guideleſs kingdom peace bequeath'd;
And Heav'n, that ſeem'd regardleſs of our fate,
For France and Spain did miracles create;
Such mortal quarrels to compoſe in peace,
As Nature bred, and hat'reſt did increaſe.
We ſigh'd to hear the fair iberian bride
Muſt grow a lily to the lily's ſide.

In

While our croſs ſtars deny'd us Charles' bed,
Whom our firſt flames and virgin love did wed.
For his long abſence Church and State did groan,
Madneſs the pulpit, Faction ſeiz'd the throne;
Experienc'd age in deep deſpair was loſt,
To ſee the rebel thrive, the loyal croſs'd:
Youth that with joys had unacquainted been,
Envy'd gray hairs that once good days had ſeen:
We thought our fires, not with their own content,
Had, ere we came to age, our portion ſpent.
Nor could our nobles hope their bold attempt,
Who ruin'd crowns, would coronets exempt:
For when, by their deſigning leaders taught
To ſtrike at pow'r, which for themſelves they ſought,
The vulgar, gull'd into rebellion, arm'd,
Their blood to action by their prize was warm'd.
The ſacred purple then, and ſcarlet gown,
Like ſanguine dye, to elephants was ſhown.
Thus when the bold Typhœus ſcal'd the ſky,
And forc'd great Jove from his own heav'n to fly,
(What king, what crown, from Treaſon's reach is free,
If Jove and heav'n can violated be?)
The leſſer gods, that ſhar'd his proſp'rous ſtate,
All ſuffer'd in the exil'd Thund'rer's fate.
The rabble now ſuch freedom did enjoy,
As winds at ſea, that uſe it to deſtroy:
Blind as the Cyclop, and as wild as he,
They own'd a lawleſs ſavage liberty,

Like that our painted anceſtors ſo priz'd,
Ere Empire's arts their breaſts had civiliz'd.
How great were then our Charles' woes, who thus
Was forc'd to ſuffer for himſelf and us!
He, toſs'd by fate, and harry'd up and down,
Heir to his father's ſorrows with his crown,
Could taſte no ſweets of youth's deſired age,
But found his life too true a pilgrimage.
Unconquer'd yet in that forlorn eſtate,
His manly courage overcame his fate.
His wounds he took, like Romans, on his breaſt,
Which by his virtue were with laurels dreſt.
As ſouls reach heav'n while yet in bodies pent,
So did he live above his baniſhment.
That ſun, which we beheld with cozen'd eyes
Within the water, mov'd along the ſkies.
How eaſy 'tis, when Deſtiny proves kind,
With full-ſpread ſails to run before the wind!
But thoſe that 'gainſt ſtiff gales, laveering go,
Muſt be at once reſolv'd and ſkilful too.
He would not, like ſoft Otho, hope prevent,
But ſtay'd and ſuffer'd Fortune to repent.
Theſe virtues Galba in a ſtranger fought,
And Piſo to adopted empire brought.
How ſhall I then my doubtful thoughts expreſs,
That muſt his ſuff'rings both regret and bleſs!
For when his early valour Heav'n had croſs'd,
And all at Worceſter but the honour loſt,

Forc'd into exile from his rightful throne,
He made all countries where he came his own;
And viewing monarchs' secret arts of sway,
A royal factor for his kingdoms lay.
Thus banish'd David spent abroad his time,
When to be God's anointed was his crime;
And when restor'd made his proud neighbours rue
Those choice remarks he from his travels drew.
Nor is he only by afflictions shown
To conquer others' realms, but rule his own:
Recov'ring hardly what he lost before,
His right endears it much, his purchase more.
Inur'd to suffer ere he came to reign,
No rash procedure will his actions stain:
To business ripen'd by digestive thought,
His future rule is into method brought:
As they who first proportion understand,
With easy practice reach a master's hand.
Well might the ancient poets then confer
On Night the honour'd name of Counsellor,
Since, struck with rays of prosp'rous fortune blind,
We light alone in dark afflictions find.
In such adversities to sceptres train'd,
The name of Great his famous grandsire gain'd;
Who yet a king alone in name and right,
With hunger, cold, and angry Jove did fight;
Shock'd by a covenanting league's vast power,
As lordly and as catholick as ours.

Till fortune's fruitless spite had made it known
Her blows not shook, but rivited his throne.
Some lazy ages, left in sleep and ease,
No action leave to busy chronicles:
Such, whose supine felicity but makes
In story chasms, in epochas mistakes;
O'er whom Time gently shakes his wings of down,
Till with his silent sickle they are mown.
Such is not Charles' too too active age,
Which, govern'd by the wild distemper'd rage
Of some black star infecting all the skies,
Made him at his own cost like Adam wise.
Tremble, ye Nations! who, secure before,
Laugh'd at those arms that 'gainst ourselves we bore;
Roused by the lash of his own stubborn tail,
Our Lion now will foreign foes assail.
With alga who the sacred altar strows?
To all the sea-gods Charles an off'ring owes:
A bull to thee, Portunus, shall be slain,
A lamb to you, ye Tempests of the main:
For those loud storms, that did against him roar,
Have cast his shipwreck'd vessel on the shore,
Yet as wise artists mix their colours so,
That by degrees they from each other go.
Black steals unheeded from the neighb'ring white,
Without offending the well-seasoned sight;
So on us stole our blessed change, while we
Th' effect did feel, but scarce the manner see.

Froſts that conſtrain the ground, and birth deny
To flow'rs that in its womb expecting lie,
Do ſeldom their uſurping pow'r withdraw,
But raging floods purſue their haſty thaw.
Our thaw was mild, the cold not chas'd away,
But loſt in kindly heat of lengthen'd day
Heav'n would no baryain for its bleſſings drive,
But what we could not pay for freely give.
The Prince of Peace would, like himſelf, confer
A gift unbop'd without the price of war:
Yet, ere he knew his bleſſings' worth, took care
That we would know it by repeated pray'r,
Which ſtorm'd the ſkies, and raviſh'd Charles from hence,
As Heav'n itſelf is took by violence.
Booth's forward valour only ſerv'd to ſhow
He durſt that duty pay we all did owe:
Th' attempt was fair; but Heav'n's prefixed hour
Not come: ſo, like the watchful traveller,
That by the moon's miſtaken light did riſe,
Lay down again, and clos'd his weary eyes.
'Twas Monk, whom Providence deſign'd to looſe
Thoſe real bonds idle freedom did impoſe.
The bleſſed ſaints, that watch'd this turning ſcene,
Did from their ſtars with joyful wonder lean,
To ſee ſmall clues draw vaſteſt weights along,
Not in their bulk, but in their order ſtrong.
Thus pencils can by one light touch reſtore
Smiles to that changed face that wept before.

With eaſe ſuch fond chimeras we purſue,
As fancy frames for fancy to ſubdue:
But when ourſelves to action we betake,
It ſhuns the mint like gold that chymiſts make.
How hard was then his taſk, at once to be
What in the body natural we ſee?
Man's Architect diſtinctly did ordain
The charge of muſcles, nerves, and of the brain,
Thro' viewleſs conduits ſpirits to diſpenſe,
The ſprings of motion from the ſeat of ſenſe.
'Twas not the haſty product of a day,
But the well-ripen'd fruit of wiſe delay.
He, like a patient angler, ere he ſtrook,
Would let him play a while upon the hook.
Our healthful food the ſtomach labours thus,
At firſt embracing what it ſtraight doth cruſh.
Wiſe leaches will not vain receipts obtrude,
While growing pains pronounce the humours crude;
Deaf to complaints they wait upon the ill,
Till ſome ſafe criſis authorize their ſkill.
Nor could his acts too cloſe a vizard wear,
To 'ſcape their eyes whom guilt had taught to fear,
And guard with caution that pollluted neſt
Whence Legion twice before was diſpoſſeſt:
Once ſacred houſe; which when they enter'd in,
They thought the place could ſanctify a ſin;
Like thoſe that vainly hop'd kind Heav'n would wink,
While to excels on martyrs' tombs they drink:

And as devouter Turks first warn their souls
To part before they taste forbidden bowls,
So these, when their black crimes they went about,
First timely charm'd their useless conscience out.
Religion's name against itself was made;
The shadow serv'd the substance to invade;
Like zealous missions, they did care pretend
Of souls in shew, but made their gold their end.
Th' incensed pow'rs beheld with scorn from high
An heaven so far distant from the sky,
Which durst, with horses' hoofs that beat the ground,
And martial brass, belie the thunder's sound;
'Twas hence at length just Vengeance thought it fit
To speed their ruin by their impious wit.
Thus Storza, curs'd with a too fertile brain,
Lost by his wiles the pow'r his wit did gain.
Henceforth their *sorce* must spend at lesser rate
Than in its flames to wrap a nation's fate.
Unlook'd to live, they are like victors set,
A virtuous shame within us to beget:
For by example most we sinn'd before,
And glass-like clearness mix'd with frailty bore.
But since reform'd by what we did amiss,
We by our suff'rings learnt to prize our bliss.
Like early lovers, whose unpractis'd hearts
Were long the May-game of malicious arts,
When once they find their jealousies were vain,
With double heat renew their fires again.

'Twas this produc'd the joy that hurry'd o'er
Such swarms of English to the neighb'ring shore,
To fetch that prize by which Batavia made
So rich amends for our impoverish'd trade.
Oh! had you seen from Schevelin's barren shore
(Crowded with troops, and barren now no more)
Afflicted Holland to his farewell bring
True sorrow, Holland to regret a king!
While waiting him his royal fleet did ride,
And willing winds to their lower'd sails deny'd.
The wav'ring streamers, flags, and standards, out,
The merry seamens' rude but cheerful shout;
And last the cannons' voice that shook the skies,
And as it fares in hidden ecchoes,
At once bereft us both of ears and eyes.
The Naseby now no longer England's flame,
Far better to be lost in Charles' name,
Like some unequal bride in nobler fleets
Receives her lord, the joyful London meets
The princely York, himself alone a freight:
The swift sure groans beneath the weight
Secure as when the halcyon broods, with stilled
He that was born to drown might cross the seas.
Heav'n could not own a Providence, and take
The wealth three nations ventur'd at a stake
The fame indulgence Charles' voyage bless'd
Which in his right had miracles confess'd.

The winds, that never moderation knew
Afraid to blow too much, too faintly blew;
Or out of breath with joy could not enlarge
Their fraitened lungs, or conscious of their charge.
The British Amphytrite, smooth and clear,
In richer azure never did appear,
Proud her returning Prince to entertain
With the submitted faces of the main.

AND welcome now, great Monarch! to your own;
Behold th' approaching cliffs of Albion:
It is no longer motion cheats your view;
As you meet it the land approacheth you.
The land returns, and in the white it wears,
The marks of penitence and sorrow bears.
But you, whose goodness your descent doth show,
Your heav'nly parentage and earthly too;
By that same mildness which your father's crown
Before did ravish shall secure your own.
Not ty'd to rules of policy, you find
Revenge less sweet than a forgiving mind.
Thus, when th' Almighty would to Moses give
A sight of all he could behold and live,
A voice before his entry did proclaim
"Long suffering, Goodness, Mercy," in his name.
Your pow'r to justice doth submit your cause,
Your goodness only is above the laws,

Whose rigid letter, while pronounc'd by you,
Is softer made: so winds that tempests brew,
When thro' Arabian groves they take their flight,
Made wanton with rich odours, lose their spite:
And as those lees that trouble it refine
The agitated soul of generous wine;
So tears of joy, for your returning spilt,
Work out and expiate our former guilt.
Methinks I see those crowds on Dover's strand,
Who in their haste to welcome you to land
Choak'd up the beach with their still-growing store,
And made a wilder torrent on the shore;
While, spurr'd with eager thoughts of past delight,
Those who had seen you court a second sight;
Preventing still your steps, and making haste
To meet you often wheresoe'er you past.
How shall I speak of that triumphant day,
When you renew'd th' expiring pomp of May!
(A month that owns an interest in your name;
You and the flow'rs are its peculiar claim.)
That star that at your birth shone out so bright,
It stain'd the duller sun's meridian light,
Did once again its potent fires renew,
Guiding our eyes to find and worship you.
And now Time's whiter series is begun,
Which in soft centuries shall smoothly run:
Those clouds that overcast your morn shall fly
Dispell'd to farthest corners of the sky.

Our nation with united int'reſt bleſs'd,
Not now content to poiſe, ſhall sway the reſt.
Abroad your empire ſhall no limits know,
But like the ſea in boundleſs circles flow
Your much-lov'd fleet ſhall with a wide command
Enclose the petty monarchs of the land:
And as old Time his offspring swallow'd down,
Our ocean in its depths all seas ſhall drown.
Their wealthy trade from pirates' rapine free,
Our merchants ſhall no more adventurers be,
Nor in the fartheſt East thoſe dangers fear,
Which humble Holland muſt diſſemble here.
Spain to your gift alone her Indies owes;
For what the pow'rful takes not he beſtows:
And France, that did an exile's preſence fear,
May juſtly apprehend you 'll too near.
At home the hateful names of party ceaſe,
And factions fouls are weary'd into peace.
The diſcontented now are only they
Whoſe crimes before did your juſt cauſe betray:
Of thoſe your edicts ſome reclaim from ſin,
But moſt your life and bleſs'd example win.
Oh happy Prince! whom Heav'n hath taught the way,
By paying vows, to have more vows to pay!
Oh happy age! oh times like thoſe alone,
By fate reſerv'd for great Auguſtus' throne!
When the joint growth of arms and arts foreſhew
The world a Monarch, and that monarch You!

ANNUS MIRABILIS

THE YEAR OF WONDERS, M.DC.LXVI.

AN HISTORICAL POEM.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE

ENSUING POEM,

IN A LETTER TO THE

HON. SIR ROBERT HOWARD.

SIR,

I AM so many ways obliged to you, and so little able to return your favours, that, like those who owe too much, I can only live by getting further into your debt. You have not only been careful of my fortune, which was the effect of your nobleness, but you have been solicitous of my reputation, which is the effect of your kindness. It is not long since I gave you the trouble of perusing a play for me, and now, instead of an acknowledgment, I have given you a greater, in the correction of a Poem. But since you are to bear this persecution, I will at least give you the encouragement of a martyr: you could never suffer in a nobler cause. For I have chosen the most heroick subject which any Poet could desire: I have taken upon me to defend the motives, the beginning, progress, and successe

of a moſt juſt and neceſſary war; in it the care, management, and prudence, of our king; the conduct and valour of a royal admiral, and of two incomparable generals; the invincible courage of our captains and ſeamen; and three glorious victories the reſult of all. After this I have, in the fire, the moſt deplorable, but, withal, the greateſt argument that can be imagined, the deſtruction being ſo ſwift, ſo ſudden, ſo vaſt and miſerable, as nothing can paralell in ſtory. The former part of this Poem, relating to the war, is but a due expiation for my not ſerving my King and country in it. All gentlemen are almoſt obliged to it, and I know no reaſon we ſhould give that advantage to the commonalty of England, to be foremoſt in brave actions, which the nobles of France would never ſuffer in their peaſants. I ſhould not have written this, but to a perſon who has been ever forward to appear in all employments whither his honour and generoſity have called him. The latter part of my Poem, which deſcribes the fire, I owe, firſt to the piety and fatherly affection of our Monarch to his ſuffering ſubjects; and, in the ſecond place, to the courage, loyalty, and magnanimity of the City: both which were ſo conſpicuous, that I have wanted words to celebrate them as they deſerve. I have called my Poem Hiſtorical not Epick, though both the actions and actors are as much heroick as any poem can contain. But, ſince the action is not properly one, nor that accom-

paſſed in the laſt ſucceſſes, I have judged it too bold a title for a few ſtanzas, which are little more in number than a ſingle Iliad, or the longeſt of the Æneids. For this reaſon (I mean not of length, but broken action, tied too ſeverely to the laws of Hiſtory) I am apt to agree with thoſe who rank Lucan rather among Hiſtorians in verſe than Epick poets; in whoſe room, if I am not deceived, Silius Italicus, though a worſe writer, may more juſtly be admitted. I have choſen to write my Poem in quatrains, or ſtanzas of four, in alternate rhyme, becauſe I have ever judged them more noble, and of greater dignity, both for the ſound and number, than any other verſe in uſe amongſt us; in which I am ſure I have your approbation. The learned languages have certainly a great advantage of us in not being tied to the ſlavery of any rhyme, and were leſs conſtrained in the quantity of every ſyllable, which they might vary with ſpondees or dactyls, beſides ſo many other helps of grammatical figures, for the lengthening or abbreviation of them, than the modern are in the cloſe of that one ſyllable, which often confines, and more often corrupts, the ſenſe of all the reſt. But in this neceſſity of our rhymes I have always found the couplet verſe moſt eaſy, though not ſo proper for this occaſion; for there the work is ſooner at an end, every two lines concluding the labour of the poet: but in quatrains he is to carry it farther on, and not only ſo, but to bear

along in his head the troublesome sense of four lines together. For those who write correctly in this kind must needs acknowledge, that the last line of the stanza is to be considered in the composition of the first. Neither can we give ourselves the liberty of making any part of a verse for the sake of rhyme, or concluding with a word which is not current English, or using the variety of female rhymes, all which our fathers practised: and for the female rhymes, they are still in use amongst other nations; with the Italian in every line, with the Spaniard promiscuously, with the French alternately: as those who have read the Alarique, the Pucelle, or any of their later poems, will agree with me. And besides this, they write in Alexandrins, or verses of six feet; such as amongst us is the old translation of Homer by Chapman; all which, by lengthening of their chain, makes the sphere of their activity the larger. I have dwelt too long upon the choice of my stanza, which you may remember is much better defended in the Preface to Gondibert; and therefore I will hasten to acquaint you with my endeavours in the writing. In general, I will only say, I have never yet seen the description of any naval fight in the proper terms which are used at sea; and if there be any such in another language, as that of Lucan in the Third of his Pharsalia, yet I could not avail myself of it in the English, the terms of art in every tongue bearing more of the idiom of

ſt than any other words. We hear indeed among our poets of the thundering of guns, the ſmoke, the diſorder, and the ſlaughter; but all theſe are common notions: and certainly as thoſe who in a logical diſpute keep in general terms, would have a fallacy: ſo thoſe who do it in any poetical deſcription would veil their ignorance.

" [illegible]
" [illegible]

For my own part, if I had little knowledge of the ſea, yet I have thought it no ſhame to learn: and if I have made ſome few miſtakes it is only, as you can bear me witneſs, becauſe I have wanted opportunity to correct them: the whole poem being firſt written, and now ſent you from a place, where I have not ſo much as the converſe of any ſeamen. Yet, though the trouble I had in writing it was great, it was more than recompenſed by the pleaſure I found myſelf ſo warm in celebrating the praiſes of military men, two ſuch eſpecially as the Prince and General, that it is no wonder if they inſpired me with thoughts above my ordinary level. And I am well ſatisfied that, as they are incomparably the beſt ſubject I ever had, excepting only the Royal Family; ſo alſo, that this I have written of them is much better than what I have performed on any other. I have been forced to help out other arguments: but this has been bountiful to me: they have been low and barren of praiſe, and I have

exalted them, and made them fruitful; but here—"Omnia ſponte ſua reddit juſtiſſima tellus." I have had a large, a fair, and a pleaſant field; ſo fertile, that without my cultivating it has given me two harveſts in a ſummer, and in both oppreſſed the reaper. All other greatneſs in ſubjects is only counterfeit; it will not endure the teſt of danger: the greatneſs of arms is only real; other greatneſs burdens a nation with its weight; this ſupports it with its ſtrength. And as it is the happineſs of the age, ſo it is the peculiar goodneſs of the beſt of Kings, that we may praiſe his ſubjects without offending him. Doubtleſs it proceeds from a juſt confidence of his own virtue, which the luſtre of no other can be ſo great as to darken in him; for the good or the valiant are never ſafely praiſed under a bad or a degenerate prince. But to return from this digreſſion to a farther account of my Poem: I muſt crave leave to tell you, that as I have endeavoured to adorn it with noble thoughts, ſo much more to expreſs thoſe thoughts with elocution. The compoſition of all poems is, or ought to be, of wit; and wit in the poet, or wit-writing (if you will give me leave to uſe a ſchool diſtinction) is no other than the faculty of imagination in the writer, which, like a nimble ſpaniel, beats over and ranges through the field of memory till it ſprings the quarry it hunted after; or, without metaphor, which ſearches over all the memory for the ſpecies or ideas

of those things which it designs to represent. Wit written, is that which is well defined the happy result of thought, or product of imagination. But to proceed from wit, in the general notion of it, to the proper wit of an heroick or historical poem, I judge it chiefly to consist in the delightful imaging of persons, actions, passions, or things. 'Tis not the jerk or sting of an epigram, nor the seeming contradiction of a poor antithesis, (the delight of an ill-judging audience in a play of rhyme) nor the jingle of a more poor paranomasia; neither is it so much the morality of a grave sentence, affected by Lucan, but more sparingly used by Virgil; but it is some lively and apt description, dressed in such colours of speech, that it sets before your eyes the absent object as perfectly, and more delightfully, than Nature. So then the first happiness of the poet's imagination is properly invention, or finding of the thought; the second is fancy, or the variation, deriving or moulding of that thought as the judgment represents it proper to the subject; the third is elocution, or the art of clothing and adorning that thought, so found and varied in apt, significant, and sounding words. The quickness of the imagination is seen in the invention, the fertility in the fancy, and the accuracy in the expression. For the two first of these Ovid is famous amongst the poets; for the latter Virgil. Ovid images more often the movements and affections of the mind, either com-

bating between two contrary paſſions, or extremely diſcompoſed by one. His words therefore are the leaſt part of his care; for he pictures Nature in diſorder, with which the ſtudy and choice of words is inconſiſtent. This is the proper wit of dialogue or diſcourſe, and conſequently of the drama, where all that is ſaid is to be ſuppoſed the effect of ſudden thought: which, though it excludes not the quickneſs of wit in repartees, yet admits not a too curious election of words, too frequent alluſions, or uſe of tropes, or, in fine, any thing that ſhows remoteneſs of thought or labour in the writer. On the other ſide, Virgil ſpeaks not ſo often to us in the perſon of another, like Ovid, but in his own: he relates almoſt all things as from himſelf, and thereby gains more liberty than the other to expreſs his thoughts with all the graces of elocution, to write more figuratively, and to confeſs as well the labour as the force of his imagination. Though he deſcribes his Dido well and naturally, in the violence of her paſſions, yet he muſt yield in that to the Myrrha, the Biblis, the Althæa, of Ovid; for, as great an admirer of him as I am, I muſt acknowledge that, if I love not more of theirſouls than I doe of Dido's, at leaſt I have a greater concernment for them, and that convinces me that Ovid has touched thoſe tender ſtrokes more delicately than Virgil could. But when action or perſons are to be deſcribed, when any ſuch image is to be ſet before

us. how bold, how maſterly, are the ſtrokes of Virgil! We ſee the obiects he preſents us with in their native figures, in their proper motion; but ſo we ſee them, as our own eyes could never have beheld them ſo beautiful in themſelves. We ſee the ſoul of the poet, like that univerſal one of which he ſpeaks, informing and moving through all his pictures:

" ..... totamque infusa per artus
" Mens agitat molem, et magno ſe corpore miſcet."

We behold him embelliſhing his images, as he makes Venus breathing beauty upon her ſon Æneas:

" ..... lumenque juventæ
" Purpureum, et lætos oculis afflarat honores:
" Quale manus addunt ebori, aut Pariſus aut Lunæ
" Argentum, aut flavo circumdatur auro Britannus."

See his Tempeſt, his Funeral Sports, his Combat of Turnus and Æneas; and in his Georgicks, which I eſteem the divineſt part of all his writings, the Plague, the Country, the Battle of the Bulls, the Labour of the Bees, and thoſe many other excellent images of Nature, moſt of which are neither great in themſelves, nor have any natural ornament to bear them up; but the words wherewith he deſcribes them are ſo excellent, that it might be well applied to him which was ſaid by Ovid, "Materiam ſuperabat opus." The very ſound of his words has often ſomewhat that is connatural to the ſubject: and while we read him, we ſit, as in a play, beholding the ſcenes of what he repreſents. To perform this, he made frequent uſe of tropes,

Figures,

which, you know, change the nature of a known word, by applying it to some other signification; and this is it which Horace means in his Epistle to the Pisos:

" Dixeris egregie, notum si callida verbum
" Reddiderit junctura novum ------

But I am sensible I have presumed too far, to entertain you with a rude discourse of that art which you both know so well, and put into practice with so much happiness. Yet, before I leave Virgil, I must own the vanity to tell you, and by you the world, that he has been my master in this Poem: I have followed him every where; I know not with what success, but I am sure with diligence enough: my images are many of them copied from him, and the rest are imitations of him. My expressions also are as near as the idioms of the two languages would admit of in translation. And this, Sir, I have done with that boldness, for which I will stand accountable to any of our little criticks, who perhaps are no better acquainted with him than I am. Upon your first perusal of this Poem, you have taken notice of some words which I have innovated (if it be too bold for me to say refined) upon his Latin; which, as I offer not to introduce into English prose, so I hope they are neither improper nor altogether unelegant in verse; and in this Horace will again defend me.

" Et nova, fictaque nuper, habebunt verba fidem, si
" Graeco fonte cadunt, parce detorta. ------

The inference is exceeding plain; for if a Roman poet might have liberty to coin a word, ſuppoſing only that it was derived from the Greek, was put into a Latin termination, and that he uſed this liberty but ſeldom, and with modeſty: how much more juſtly may I challenge that privilege to do it, with the ſame prerequiſites, from the beſt and moſt judicious of Latin writers? In ſome places, where either the fancy or the words were his or any other's, I have noted it in the margin, that I might not ſeem a plagiary; in others I have neglected it to avoid as well tediouſneſs as the affectation of doing it too often. Such deſcriptions or images, well wrought, which I promiſe not for mine, are, as I have ſaid, the adequate delight of heroick poeſy: for they beget admiration, which is its proper object; as the images of the burleſque, which is contrary to this, by the ſame reaſon beget laughter: for the one ſhews Nature beautified, as in the picture of a fair woman, which we all admire; the other ſhews her deformed, as in that of a lazar, or of a fool, with diſtorted face and antique geſtures, at which we cannot forbear to laugh, becauſe it is a deviation from Nature. But though the ſame images ſerve equally for the epick poeſy, and for the hiſtorick and panegyrick, which are branches of it, yet a ſeveral ſort of ſculpture is to be uſed in them. If ſome of them are to be like thoſe of Juvenal, "Stantes in curribus Æmiliani," heroes drawn in their triumphal

chariots, and in their full proportion, others are to be, like that of Virgil, "Spirantia mollius æra:" there is somewhat more of softness and tenderness to be shewn in them. You will soon find I write not this without concern. Some, who have seen a paper of verses which I wrote last year to her Highness the Duchess, have accused them of that only thing I could defend in them. They said, I did "Humi serpere," that I wanted not only height of fancy, but dignity of words, to set it off. I might well answer with that of Horace, "Nunc non erat his locus:" I knew I addressed them to a lady, and accordingly I affected the softness of expression, and the smoothness of measure, rather than the height of thought; and in what I did endeavour, it is no vanity to say I have succeeded. I detest arrogance: but there is some difference betwixt that and a just defence. But I will not farther bribe your candour or the readers: I leave them to speak for me, and, if they can, to make out that character, not pretending to a greater, which I have given them.

And now, Sir, it is time I should relieve you from the tedious length of this account. You have better and more profitable employment for your hours, and I wrong the publick to detain you longer. In conclusion, I must leave my Poem to you with all its faults, which I hope to find fewer in the printing by your emendations. I know you are not of the number of

thoſe of whom the younger Pliny ſpeaks, "Nec ſunt "parum multi, qui carpere amicos ſuos judicium vo- "cant:" I am rather too ſecure of you on that ſide. Your candour in pardoning my errours may make you more remiſs in correcting them, if you will not withal conſider that they come into the world with your approbation, and through your hands. I beg from you the greateſt favour you can confer upon an abſent perſon, ſince I repoſe upon your management what is deareſt to me, my fame and reputation; and therefore I hope it will ſtir you up to make my Poem fairer by many of your blots; if not, you know the ſtory of the gameſter, who married the rich man's daughter, and, when her father denied the portion, chriſtened all the children by his ſurname, that is, in concluſion, they muſt beg, they ſhould do ſo by one name as well as by the other. But ſince the reproach of my faults will light on you, it is but reaſon I ſhould do you that juſtice to the readers, to let them know that, if there be any thing tolerable in this Poem, they owe the argument to your choice, the writing to your encouragement, the correction to your judgment, and the care of it to your friendſhip, to which he muſt ever acknowledge himſelf to owe all things, who is,

SIR,

The moſt obedient and moſt
faithful of your ſervants,

JOHN DRYDEN.

From Charlton in Wiltſhire,
Nov. 1, 1667.

TO THE METROPOLIS OF GREAT BRITAIN,

The moſt Renowned and late Flouriſhing

CITY OF LONDON,

IN ITS REPRESENTATIVES

The Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen, the Sheriffs, and Council of it.

As perhaps I am the firſt who ever preſented a work of this nature to the metropolis of any nation, ſo it is likewiſe conſonant to juſtice, that he who was to give the firſt example of ſuch a Dedication, ſhould begin it with that City which has ſet a pattern to all others of true loyalty, invincible courage, and unſhaken conſtancy. Other cities have been praiſed for the ſame virtues, but I am much deceived if any have ſo dearly purchaſed their reputation; their fame has been won them by cheaper trials than an expenſive though neceſſary war, a conſuming peſtilence, and a more conſuming fire. To ſubmit yourſelves with that humility to the judgments of Heaven, and, at the ſame time, to raiſe yourſelves with that vigour above all human enemies; to be combated at once from above and from below, to be ſtruck down and to triumph; I know not whether ever ſuch trials have been ever paralleled in any nation; the reſolution and ſucceſſes of them never can be. Never had Prince or People more

mutual reaſon to love each other, if ſuffering for each other can endear affection. You have come together a pair of matchleſs lovers, through many difficulties; he through a long exile, various traverſes of fortune, and the interpoſition of many rivals, who violently raviſhed and withheld you from him; and certainly you have had your ſhare in ſufferings. But Providence has caſt upon you want of trade, that you might appear bountiful to your country's neceſſities; and the reſt of your afflictions are not more the effects of God's diſpleaſure (frequent examples of them having been in the reign of the moſt excellent princes) than occaſions for the manifeſting of your Chriſtian and civil virtues. To you, therefore, this Year of Wonders is juſtly dedicated, becauſe you have made it ſo. You, who are to ſtand a wonder to all years and ages, and who have built yourſelves an immortal Monument on your own ruins; you are now a phœnix in her aſhes, and, as far as humanity can approach, a great emblem of the ſuffering Deity: but Heaven never made ſo much piety and virtue to leave it miſerable. I have heard, indeed, of ſome virtuous perſons who have ended unfortunately, but never of any virtuous nation. Providence is engaged too deeply, when the cauſe becomes ſo general; and I cannot imagine it has reſolved the ruin of that people at home, which it has bleſſed abroad with ſuch ſucceſſes. I am therefore to conclude that your ſufferings are at an end; and that

one part of my Poem has not been more an hiſtory of your deſtruction than the other a prophecy of your reſtoration. The accompliſhment of which happineſs, as it is the wiſh of all true Engliſhmen, ſo is it by none more paſſionately deſired than by

The greateſt of your admirers,

and moſt humble of your ſervants,

JOHN DRYDEN.

ANNUS MIRABILIS:

THE YEAR OF WONDERS, M.DC.LXVI.

I.

In thriving arts long time had Holland grown,
Crouching at home, and cruel when abroad:
Scarce leaving us the means to claim our own,
Our King they courted, and our merchants aw'd

II.

Trade, which, like blood, should circularly flow,
Stopp'd in their channels, found its freedom loft:
Thither the wealth of all the world did go,
And feem'd but fhipwreck'd on fo bafe a coaft.

III.

For them alone the heav'ns had kindly heat,
In cellern quarries ripening precious dew:
For them the Idumæan balm did fweat,
And in hot Ceylon fpicy forefts grew.

IV.

The fun but feem'd the labourer of the year;
Each waxing moon fupply'd her watery ftore,
To fwell thofe tides which from the line did bear
Their brimful veffels to the Belgian fhore.

V.

Thus, mighty in her fhips, ftood Carthage long,
And fwept the riches of the world from far;
Yet ftoop'd to Rome, lefs wealthy, but more ftrong;
And this may prove our fecond Punick war.

VI

What peace can be where both to one pretend?
(But they more diligent, and we more ſtrong)
Or if a peace, it ſoon muſt have an end,
For they would grow too pow'rful were it long.

VII.

Behold two nations then, engag'd ſo far,
That each ſev'n years the fit muſt ſhake each land;
Where France will ſide to weaken us by war,
Who only can his vaſt deſigns withſtand.

VIII.

See how he feeds th' Iberian with delays,
To render us his timely friendſhip vain;
And, while his ſecret ſoul on Flanders preys,
He rocks the cradle of the Babe of Spain.

IX.

Such deep deſigns of empire does he lay
O'er them whoſe cauſe he ſeems to take in hand;
And prudently would make them Lords at ſea,
To whom with eaſe he can give laws by land.

X.

This ſaw our King; and long within his breaſt
His penſive counſels balanc'd to and fro:
He griev'd the land he freed ſhould be oppreſt,
And he leſs for it than uſurpers do.

XI.

His gen'rous mind the fair ideas drew
Of fame and honour, which in dangers lay;

Where wealth like fruit on precipices grew,
Not to be gather'd but by birds of prey.

XII.

The loſs and gain each fatally were great;
And ſtill his ſubjects call'd aloud for war;
But peaceful kings, o'er martial people ſet,
Each other's poize and counterbalance are.

XIII.

He firſt ſurvey'd the charge with careful eyes,
Which none but mighty monarchs could maintain;
Yet judg'd, like vapours that from limbecks riſe,
It would in richer ſhow'rs deſcend again.

XIV.

At length reſolv'd t' aſſert the wat'ry ball,
He in himſelf did whole armadoes bring:
Him aged ſeamen might their maſter call,
And chuſe for gen'ral, were he not their King.

XV.

It ſeems as ev'ry ſhip their Sov'reign knows,
His awful ſummons they ſo ſoon obey;
So hear the ſcaly herd when Proteus blows*,
And ſo to paſture follow thro' the ſea.

XVI.

To ſee this fleet upon the ocean move,
Angels drew wide the curtains of the ſkies;

* [illegible]
— "Cetera quæ vasto Proteus miratur in ponto
Armenta et magias pascit ſub gurgite phocas.

And Heav'n, as if there wanted lights above,
For tapers made two glaring comets riſe.

XVII.

Whether they unctuous exhalations are
Fir'd by the ſun, or ſeeming ſo alone,
Or each ſome more remote and ſlipp'ry ſtar,
Which loſes footing when to mortals ſhown:

XVIII.

Or one, that bright companion of the ſun,
Whoſe glorious aſpect ſeal'd our new-born King;
And now a round of greater years begun,
New influence from his walks of light did bring.

XIX.

Victorious York did firſt, with fam'd ſucceſs,
To his known valour make the Dutch give place:
Thus Heav'n our Monarch's fortune did confeſs,
Beginning conqueſt from his royal race.

XX.

But ſince it was decreed, auſpicious King!
In Britain's right that thou ſhouldſt wed the main,
Heav'n, as a gage, would caſt ſome precious thing,
And therefore doom'd that Lawſon ſhould be ſlain.

XXI.

Lawſon amongſt the foremoſt met his fate
Whom ſea-green Sirens from the rocks lament:
Thus as an off'ring for the Grecian ſtate,
He firſt was kill'd who firſt to battle went.

XXII.

Their chief blown up, in air, not waves, expir'd,
To which his pride prefum'd to give the law:
The Dutch confefs'd Heav'n preſent and retir'd,
And all was Britain the wide Ocean ſaw.

XXIII.

To neareſt ports their ſhatter'd ſhips repair,
Where by our dreadful cannon they lay aw'd;
So rev'rently men quit the open air,
When thunder ſpeaks the angry gods abroad.

XXIV.

And now approach'd their fleet from India, fraught
With all the riches of the riſing ſun;
And precious ſand from ſouthern climates brought,
The fatal regions where the war begun.

XXV.

Like hunted caſtors, conſcious of their ſtore,
Their way-laid wealth to Norway's coaſt they bring;
There firſt the North's cold boſom ſpices bore,
And Winter brooded on the eaſtern ſpring.

XXVI.

By the rich ſcent we found our perfum'd prey,
Which, flank'd with rocks, did cloſe in covert lie,
And round about their murd'ring cannon lay,
At once to threaten and invite the eye.

XXVII.

Fiercer than cannon, and than rocks more hard,
The Engliſh undertake th' unequal war:

Few'n ships alone, by which the port is barr'd,
Besiege the Indies, and all Denmark dare.

XXVIII.

These fight like husbands, but like lovers those:
These fain would keep, and those more fain enjoy;
And to such height their frantick passion grows,
That what both love both hazard to destroy.

XXIX.

Amidst whole heaps of spices lights a ball,
And now their odours arm'd against them fly:
Some preciously by shatter'd porcelain fall,
And some by aromatick splinters die.

XXX.

And tho' by tempests of the prize bereft,
In Heav'n's inclemency some ease we find:
Our foes we vanquish'd by our valour left,
And only yielded to the seas and wind.

XXXI.

Nor wholly lost we so deserv'd a prey;
For storms repenting part of it restor'd;
Which, as a tribute from the Baltick sea,
The British Ocean sent her mighty Lord.

XXXII.

Go, Mortals! now, and vex yourselves in vain
For wealth which so uncertainly must come;
When what was brought so far, and with such pain,
Was only kept to lose it nearer home.

XXXIII.

The ſon who, twice three months on th' ocean toſt,
Prepar'd to tell what he had paſs'd before,
Now ſees in Engliſh ſhips the Holland coaſt,
And parents' arms in vain ſtretch'd from the ſhore.

XXXIV.

This careful huſband had been long away,
Whom his chaſte wife and little children mourn;
Who on their fingers learn'd to tell the day
On which their father promis'd to return.

XXXV.

Such are * the proud deſigns of humankind,
And ſo we ſuffer ſhipwreck ev'ry where!
Alas! what port can ſuch a pilot find,
Who in the night of fate muſt blindly ſteer?

XXXVI.

The undiſtinguiſh'd ſeeds of good and ill
Heav'n in his boſom from our knowledge hides,
And draws them in contempt of human ſkill,
Which oft' for friends miſtaken foes provides.

XXXVII.

Let Munſter's prelate ever be accurſt,
In whom we ſeek the German faith † in vain:
Alas! that he ſhould teach the Engliſh firſt,
That fraud and av'rice in the church could reign.

* *Sic ſemper*, &c.] From Petronius, "Si bene calculum ponas, ubique fit naufragium."

† *The German faith.*] Tacitus ſaith of them, "Nullos mortalium fide aut armis ante Germanos eſſe."

XXXVIII.

Happy, who never truſt a ſtranger's will,
Whoſe friendſhip's in his intereſt underſtood!
Since money giv'n but tempts him to be ill,
When pow'r is too remote to make him good.

XXXIX.

Till now alone the mighty nations ſtrove;
The reſt at gaze without the liſts did ſtand:
And threat'ning France, plac'd like a painted Jove,
Kept idle thunder in his liſted hand.

XL.

That eunuch-guardian of rich Holland's trade,
Who envies us what he wants pow'r t'enjoy;
Whoſe zeaſeful valour does no foe invade,
And weak aſſiſtance will his friends deſtroy:

XLI.

Offended that we fought without his leave,
He takes this time his ſecret hate to ſhow;
Which Charles does with a mind ſo calm receive,
As one that neither ſeeks nor ſhuns his foe.

XLII.

With France, to aid the Dutch, the Danes unite;
France as their tyrant, Denmark as their ſlave:
But when with one three nations join to fight,
They ſilently confeſs that one more brave.

XLIII.

Lewis had chas'd the Engliſh from his ſhore;
But Charles the French as ſubjects does invite;

Would Heav'n for each ſome Solomon reſtore,
Who by their mercy may decide their right.

XLIV.

Were ſubjects ſo but only by their choice,
And not from birth did forc'd dominion take,
Our prince alone would have the publick voice,
And all his neighbours' realms would deſerts make.

XLV.

He without fear a dang'rous war purſues,
Which without raſhneſs he began before.
As honour made him firſt the danger chuſe,
So ſtill he makes it good on virtue's ſcore.

XLVI.

The doubled charge his ſubjects' love ſupplies,
Who in that bounty to themſelves are kind:
So glad Egyptians ſee their Nilus riſe,
And in his plenty their abundance find.

XLVII.

With equal pow'r he does two chiefs create,
Two ſuch, as each ſeem'd worthieſt when alone;
Each able to ſuſtain a nation's fate,
Since both had found a greater in their own.

XLVIII.

Both great in courage, conduct, and in fame
Yet neither envious of the other's praiſe;
Their duty, faith, and int'reſt to the ſame,
Like mighty partners equally they raiſe.

XLIX.

The Prince long time had courted Fortune's love,
But once poſſeſs'd did abſolutely reign:
Thus with their Amazons the heroes ſtrove,
And conquer'd firſt thoſe beauties they would gain.

L.

The Duke beheld, like Scipio, with diſdain,
That Carthage, which he ruin'd, riſe once more,
And ſhook aloft the ſatces of the main,
To fright thoſe ſlaves with what they felt before.

LI.

Together to the wat'ry camp they haſte,
Whom matrons paſſing to their children ſhow:
Infants' firſt vows for them to Heav'n are caſt,
And future people * bleſs them as they go.

LII.

With them no riotous pomp, nor Aſian train,
T' infect a navy with their gaudy fears:
To make ſlow fights, and victories but vain,
But war, ſeverely, like itſelf, appears.

LIII.

Diffuſive of themſelves, where'er they paſs,
They make that warmth in others they expect:
Their valour works like bodies on a glaſs,
And does its image on their men project.

* *Future people.*] "Examina infantium futuraſque popu-"los." Plin. Jun. in Panegyr. ad Trai.

LIV.

Our fleet divides, and ſtraight the Dutch appear,
In number, and a fam'd commander, bold;
The narrow ſeas can ſcarce their navy bear,
Or crowded veſſels can their ſoldiers hold.

LV.

The Duke, leſs num'rous, but in courage more,
On wings of all the winds to combat flies:
His murd'ring guns a loud defiance roar,
And bloody croſſes on his flagſtaffs riſe.

LVI.

Both furl their ſails, and ſtrip them for the fight;
Their ſobbed ſheets diſmiſs the uſeleſs air:
Th' Elian plains could boaſt no nobler fight,
When ſtruggling champions did their bodies bare.

LVII.

Borne each by other in a diſtant line,
The ſea-built forts in dreadful order move;
So vaſt the noiſe, as if not fleets did join,
But lands unfix'd*, and floating nations ſtrove.

LVIII.

Now poſt'd, on either ſide they nimbly tack;
Both drive to intercept and guide the wind,
And in its eye more cloſely they come back
To finiſh all the deaths they left behind.

* *Lands unfix'd.*] From Virgil. "Credas innare revulſas Cy-"clades," &c.

LIX.

On high-rais'd decks the haughty Belgians ride,
Beneath whose shade our humble frigates go:
Such port the el'phant bears, and so defy'd
By the rhinoc'ros, her unequal foe.

LX.

And as the built, so diff'rent is the fight;
Their mounting shot is on our sails design'd:
Deep in their hulls our deadly bullets light,
And thro' the yielding planks a passage find.

LXI.

Our dreaded Admiral from far they threat,
Whose batter'd rigging their whole war receives:
All bare, like some old oak which tempests beat,
He stands, and sees below his scatter'd leaves.

LXII.

Heroes of old, when wounded, shelter sought;
But he, who meets all danger with disdain,
E'en in their face his ship to anchor brought,
And, like a steeple high, stood propp'd upon the main.

LXIII.

At this excess of courage, all amaz'd,
The foremost of his foes a while withdraw:
With such respect in ancient Rome they gaz'd,
Who on high chairs the godlike Fathers saw.

LXIV.

And now, as where Patroclus' body lay,
The Trojan chiefs a ring around him close,

Ours o'er the Duke their pious wings display,
And theirs the noblest spoils of Britain seek.

LXV.

Mean-time his busy mariners he hastes,
His shatter'd sails with rigging to restore,
And willing pines ascend his broken masts,
Whose lofty heads rise higher than before.

LXVI.

Straight to the Dutch he turns his dreadful prow,
More fierce th' important quarrel to decide:
Like swans, in long array his vessels flow,
Whose crests advancing do the waves divide.

LXVII.

They charge, recharge, and all along the sea
They drive, and squander the huge Belgian fleet:
Berkley alone, who nearest danger lay,
Did a like fate with lost Creusa meet.

LXVIII.

The night comes on, we eager to pursue
The combat still, and they asham'd to leave;
Till the last streaks of dying day withdrew,
And doubtful moonlight did our rage deceive.

LXIX.

In th' English fleet each ship resounds with joy,
And loud applause of their great leader's fame:
In fiery dreams the Dutch they still destroy,
And, slumb'ring, fright at the imagin'd flame.

LXX.

Not ſo the Holland fleet, who, tir'd and done,
Stretch'd on their decks, like weary oxen lie:
Faint ſwears all down their mighty members run,
(Vaſt bulks, which little fouls but ill ſupply.)

LXXI.

In dreams they fearful precipices tread,
Or, ſhipwreck'd, labour to ſome diſtant ſhore;
Or in dark churches walk among the dead,
They wake with horrour, and dare ſleep no more.

LXXII.

The morn they look on with unwilling eyes,
Till from their maintop joyful news they hear
Of ſhips, which by their mould bring new ſupplies,
And in their colours Belgian Lions bear.

LXXIII.

Our watchful Gen'ral had diſcern'd from far
This mighty ſuccour, which made glad the foe:
He ſigh'd, but, like a father of the war,
His face ſpake hope *, while deep his ſorrows flow.

LXXIV.

His wounded men he firſt ſends off to ſhore,
Never, till now, unwilling to obey:
They not their wounds but want of ſtrength deplore,
And think them happy who with him can ſtay.

* *Hæc ait, &c.*] "Spem vultu ſimulat, premit altè corde
"dolorem." *Virg.*

LXXV.

Then, to the reſt, "Rejoice," ſaid he, "to-day;
"In you the fortune of Great Britain lies:
"Among ſo brave a people you are they
"Whom Heav'n has choſe to fight for ſuch a prize.

LXXVI.

"If number Engliſh courages could quell,
"We ſhould at firſt have ſhunn'd, not met, our foes;
"Whoſe numerous ſails the fearful only tell:
"Courage from hearts, and not from numbers, grows."

LXXVII.

He ſaid, nor needed more to ſay: with haſte
To their known ſtations cheerfully they go;
And all at once, diſdaining to be laſt,
Solicit ev'ry gale to meet the foe.

LXXVIII.

Nor did th' encourag'd Belgians long delay,
But, bold in others, not themſelves, they ſtood;
So thick, our navy ſcarce could ſteer their way,
But ſeem'd to wander in a moving wood.

LXXIX.

Our little fleet was now engag'd ſo far,
That, like the ſword-fiſh in the whale, they fought;
The combat only ſeem'd a civil war,
Till thro' their bowels we our paſſage wrought.

LXXX.

Never had valour, no, not ours, before
Done aught like this upon the land or main,

Where not to be o'ercome was to do more
Than all the conquests former kings did gain.

LXXXI.

The mighty ghosts of our great Harrys rose,
And armed Edwards look'd with anxious eyes,
To see this fleet among unequal foes,
By which Fate promis'd them their Charles should rise.

LXXXII.

Mean-time the Belgians tack upon our rear,
And raking chase-guns thro' our sterns they send;
Close by their fireships, like jackals, appear,
Who on their lions for the prey attend.

LXXXIII.

Silent in smoke of cannon they came on,
(Such vapours once did fiery Cacus hide)
In these the height of pleas'd revenge is shown,
Who burn contented by another's side.

LXXXIV.

Sometimes, from fighting squadrons of each fleet,
Deceiv'd themselves, or to preserve some friend,
Two grappling Aetnas on the ocean meet,
And English fires with Belgian flames contend.

LXXXV.

Now, at each tack, our little fleet grows less,
And, like maim'd fowl, swim lagging on the main;
The greater loss their numbers scarce confess,
While they less cheaper than the English gain.

LXXXVI.

Have you not ſeen, when, whiſtled from the fiſt,
Some falcon ſtoops at what her eye deſign'd,
And with her eagerneſs the quarry miſs'd,
Straight flies at check, and clips it down the wind?

LXXXVII.

The daſtard crow, that to the wood made wing,
And ſees the groves no ſhelter can afford,
With her loud kaws her craven kind does bring,
Who, ſafe in numbers, cuff the noble bird.

LXXXVIII.

Among the Dutch thus Albemarle did fare:
He could not conquer, and diſdain'd to fly:
Paſt hope of ſafety, 'twas his lateſt care,
Like falling Cæſar, decently to die.

LXXXIX.

Yet pity did his manly ſpirit move,
To ſee thoſe periſh who ſo well had fought,
And, gen'rouſly, with his deſpair he ſtrove,
Reſolv'd to live till he their ſafety wrought.

XC.

Let other Muſes write his proſp'rous fate,
Of conquer'd nations tell, and kings reſtor'd;
But mine ſhall ſing of his eclips'd eſtate,
Which, like the ſun's, more wonders does afford.

XCI.

He drew his mighty frigates all before,
On which the foes his fruitleſs force employs:

His weak ones deep into his rear he bore,
Remote from guns, as ſick men from the noiſe. 364

XCII.

His fiery cannon did their paſſage guide.
And following ſmoke obſcur'd them from the foe:
Thus Iſrael ſafe from the Egyptians' pride,
By flaming pillars, and by clouds, did go. 368

XCIII.

Elſewhere the Belgian force we did defeat,
But here our courages did theirs ſubdue:
So Xenophon once led that fam'd retreat,
Which firſt the Aſian empire overthrew. 372

XCIV

The foe approach'd; and one, for his bold ſin,
Was ſunk; as he that touch'd the ark was ſlain:
The wild waves maſter'd him, and ſuck'd him in,
And imiling eddies dimpled on the main. 376

XCV.

Thirteen, the reſt at awful diſtance ſtood,
As if they had been there as ſervants ſet,
To ſtay, or to go on, as he thought good,
And not purſue, but wait on his retreat. 380

XCVI.

So Libyan huntſmen, on ſome ſandy plain,
From ſhady covers rous'd, a lion chaſe:
The kingly beaſt roars out with loud diſdain,
And ſlowly moves off, unknowing to give place. 384

XCVII.

But if some one approach to dare his force,
He swings his tail, and quickly turns him round;
With one paw seizes on his trembling horse,
And with the other tears him to the ground.

XCVIII.

Amidst these toils succeeds the balmy night;
Now hissing waters the quench'd guns restore,
And weary waves, withdrawing from the fight,
Lie lull'd and panting on the silent shore.

XCIX.

The moon shone clear on the becalmed flood,
Where, while her beams like glitt'ring silver play,
Upon the deck our careful Gen'ral stood,
And deeply mus'd on the succeeding day.

C.

"That happy sun," said he, "will rise again,
"Who twice victorious did our navies see;
"And I alone must view him rise in vain,
"Without one ray of all his star for me.

CI.

"Yet, like an English gen'ral will I die,
"And all the ocean make my spacious grave:
"Women and cowards on the land may lie;
"The sea's a tomb that's proper for the brave."

* *Hideous slaughter.*] From statius, lyde.

"Nec truncus humi divisa membra, nec ora
"Nec manibus, nec fluctus, nec cæcum a quietem."

CII.

Reſtleſs he paſs'd the remnant of the night,
Till the freſh air proclaim'd the morning nigh,
And burning ſhips, the martyrs of the fight,
With paler fires beheld the eaſtern ſky.

CIII.

But now, his ſtores of ammunition ſpent,
His naked valour is his only guard:
Rare thunders are from his dumb cannons ſent,
And ſolitary guns are ſcarcely heard.

CIV.

Thus far had Fortune pow'r, he forc'd to ſtay,
Nor longer durſt with Virtue be at ſtrife:
This is a ranſom Albemarle did pay
For all the glories of ſo great a life.

CV.

For now brave Rupert from afar appears,
Whoſe waving ſtreamers the glad Gen'ral knows:
With full-ſpread ſails his eager navy ſteers,
And ev'ry ſhip in ſwift proportion grows.

CVI.

The anxious Prince had heard the cannon long,
And from that length of time dire omens drew
Of Engliſh overmatch'd, and Dutch too ſtrong,
Who never fought three days but to purſue.

CVII.

Thus as an eagle, who, with pious care,
Was beating widely on the wing for prey,

To her now ſilent eyry does repair,
And finds her callow infants forc'd away:

CVIII.

Stung with her love, ſhe ſtoops upon the plain,
The broken air loud whiſtling as ſhe flies:
She ſtops, and liſtens, and ſhoots forth again,
And guides her pinions by her young ones' cries.

CIX.

With ſuch kind paſſion hates the Prince to fight,
And ſpreads his flying canvaſs to the ſound:
Him whom no danger, were he there, could fright,
Now abſent, every little noiſe can wound.

CX.

As in a drought the thirſty creatures cry,
And gape upon the gather'd clouds for rain,
And firſt the martlet meets it in the ſky,
And with wet wings joys all the feather'd train:

CXI.

With ſuch glad hearts did our deſpairing men
Salute th' appearance of the Prince's fleet,
And each aloud would claim the ken
That with firſt eyes did diſtant ſafety meet.

CXII.

The Dutch, who came like greedy hinds before,
To reap the har veſt their ripe ears did yield,
Now look like theſe, when rolling thunders roar,
And ſheets of lightning flaſh the ſtanding field.

CXIII.

Full in the Prince's paſſage hills of ſand,
And dang'rous flats, in ſecret ambuſh lay,
Where the falſe tides ſkim o'er the cover'd land,
And ſeamen with diſſembled depths betray

CXIV

The wily Dutch, who like fall'n angels, fear'd
This new Meſſiah's coming, there did wait,
And round the verge their braving veſſels ſteer'd,
To tempt his courage with ſo fair a bait.

CXV.

But he, unmov'd, contemns their idle threat,
Secure of fame whene'er he pleas'd to fight:
His cold experience tempers all his heat,
And inbred worth doth boaſting valour ſlight.

CXVI.

Heroick virtue did his actions guide,
And he the ſubſtance not th' appearance choſe:
To reſcue one ſuch friend he took more pride
Than to deſtroy whole thouſands of ſuch foes.

CXVII.

But when approach'd, in ſtrict embraces bound,
Rupert and Albemarle together grow,
He joys to have his friend in ſafety found,
Which he to none but to that friend would owe.

CXVIII.

The cheerful ſoldiers, with new ſtores ſupply'd,
Now long to execute their fiery will;

And, in revenge for thoſe three days they try'd,
With one like Joſhua's, when the ſun ſtood ſtill. 472

CXIX.

Thus reinforc'd, againſt the adverſe fleet,
Still doubling ours, brave Rupert leads the way;
With the firſt bluſhes of the morn they meet,
And bring night back upon the new-born day. 476

CXX.

His preſence ſoon blows up the kindling fight,
And his loud guns ſpeak thick like angry men:
It ſeem'd as Slaughter had been breath'd all night,
And Death new-pointed his dull dart again. 480

CXXI.

The Dutch too well his mighty conduct knew,
And matchleſs courage, ſince the former fight;
Whoſe navy ſtill a ſtiff-ſtretch'd cord did ſhew,
Till he bore in and bent them into flight. 484

CXXII.

The wind he ſhares, while half their fleet offends
His open ſide, and high above him ſhows;
Upon the reſt at pleaſure he deſcends,
And, doubly harm'd, he double harms beſtows. 488

CXXIII.

Behind, the Gen'ral mends his weary pace,
And fully to his revenge he fails:
So glides * ſome trodden ſerpent on the graſs,
And long behind his wounded volume trails. 492

* *Sic, &c.*] From Virgil,

" Quum medii nodo cursus et lenta volumina crudus
Ille agmen ducit, tandemque ultima cauda
Ingentes sinuat tractus, et cetera pone
Pars tumidi ventris, etc.

CXXIV.

Th' increasing sound is borne to either shore,
And for their sakes the threatening nations fear:
Their passions double with the cannons' roar,
And with warm wishes each man combats there.

CXXV.

Ply'd thick and close as when the fight begun,
Their huge unwieldy navy wastes away:
So sicken waning moons too near the sun,
And blunt their crescents on the edge of day.

CXXVI.

And now reduc'd on equal terms to fight,
Their ships like wasted patrimonies show,
Where the thin scatt'ring trees admit the light,
And shun each other's shadows as they grow.

CXXVII.

The warlike Prince had sever'd from the rest
Two giant ships, the pride of all the main,
Which with his one so vig'rously he prest,
And flew so home, they could not rise again.

CXXVIII.

Already batter'd, by his lee they lay;
In vain upon the passing winds they call;
The passing winds thro' their torn canvass play,
And flagging sails on heartless tailors fall.

CXXIX.

Their open'd sides receive a gloomy light,
Dreadful as day let into shades below.

Without grim Death rides bareface'd in their sight,
And urges ent'ring billows as they flow.

CXXX.

When one dire shot, the last they could supply,
Close by the board the Prince's mainmast bore:
All three, now helpless, by each other lie,
And this offends not, and the se fear no more.

CXXXI.

So have I seen some fearful hare maintain
A course, till tir'd before the dog she lay;
Who, stretch'd behind her, pants upon the plain,
Past pow'r to kill, as she to get away.

CXXXII.

With his loll'd tongue he faintly licks his prey;
His warm breath blows her fix up as she lies;
She trembling creeps upon the ground away,
And looks back to him with beseeching eyes.

CXXXIII.

The Prince unjustly does his stars accuse,
Which hinder'd him to push his fortune on;
For what they to his courage did refuse
By mortal valour never must be done.

CXXXIV.

This lucky hour the wise Batavian takes,
And warns his tatter'd fleet to follow home,
Proud to have so got off with equal stakes,
Where 't was a triumph not to be o'ercome *.

* "Quos optimus fallere et effugere est triumphus." Mar.

CXXXV.

The General's force, as kept alive by flight,
Now not oppos'd, no longer can purſue;
Laſting till Heav'n had done his courage right;
When he had conquer'd he his weakneſs knew.

CXXXVI.

He caſts a frown on the departing foe,
And ſighs to ſee him quit the wat'ry field:
His ſtern fix'd eyes no ſatisfaction ſhow,
For all the glories which the fight did yield.

CXXXVII.

Tho', as when fiends did miracles avow,
He ſtands confeſs'd even by the boaſtful Dutch;
He only does his conqueſt diſavow,
And thinks too little what they found too much.

CXXXVIII.

Return'd, he with the fleet reſolv'd to ſtay;
No tender thoughts of home his heart divide;
Domeſtick joys and cares he puts away:
For realms are houſeholds which the great muſt guide.

CXXXIX.

As thoſe who unripe veins in mines explore,
On the rich bed again the warm turf lay,
Till time digeſts the yet imperfect ore,
And know it will be gold another day:

CXL.

So looks our Monarch on this early fight,
As [illegible] and rudiments of great fa[illegible]

Which all maturing Time muſt bring to light,
Which he, like Heav'n, does each day's labour bleſs.

CXLI.

Heav'n ended not the firſt or ſecond day,
Yet each was perfect to the work deſign'd;
God and kings' work, when they their works ſurvey,
A paſſive aptneſs in all ſubjects find.

CXLII.

In burden'd veſſels, firſt, with ſpeedy care,
His plenteous ſtores do ſeaſon'd timber ſend;
Thither the brawny carpenters repair,
And as the ſurgeons of maim'd ſhips attend.

CXLIII.

With cord and canvaſs from rich Hamburg ſent,
His navies' molted wings he imps once more;
Tall Norway fir their maſts in battle ſpent,
And Engliſh oaks ſprung leaks and planks reſtore.

CXLIV.

All hands employ'd, the royal work grows warm *:
Like lab'ring bees on a long ſummer's day,
Some found the trumpet for the reſt to twarm,
And ſome on bells of taſted lilies play.

CXLV.

With glewy wax ſome new foundations lay
Of virgin-combs, which from the roof are hung;
Some arm'd within doors upon duty ſtay,
Or tend the ſick, or educate the young.

* "Fervet opus." The ſame ſimilitude in Virgil.

CXLVI.

So here, ſome pick out bullets from the ſides,
Some drive old okum thro' each ſeem and rift:
Their left hand does the calking iron guide,
The rattling mallet with the right they lift.

CXLVII.

With boiling pitch another near at hand
(From friendly Sweden brought) the ſeams inſtops;
Which, well paid o'er, the ſalt ſea waves withſtand,
And ſhakes them from the riſing beak in drops.

CXLVIII.

Some the gall'd ropes with dauby marling bind,
Or ſearcloth maſts with ſtrong tarpawling coats:
To try new ſhrouds one mounts into the wind,
And one below their eaſe or ſtiffneſs notes.

CXLIX.

Our careful Monarch ſtands in perſon by,
His new-caſt cannons' firmneſs to explore;
The ſtrength of big-corn'd powder loves to try,
And ball and cartridge ſorts for ev'ry bore.

CL.

Each day brings freſh ſupplies of arms and men,
And ſhips which all laſt winter were abroad;
And ſuch as fitted ſince the fight had been,
Or new from ſtocks were fall'n into the road.

CLI.

The goodly London in her gallant trim,
The Phœnix, daughter of the vanish'd old,

Like a rich bride does to the ocean swim,
And on her shadow rides in floating gold. 604

CLII.

Her flag aloft spread ruffling to the wind,
And sanguine streamers seem the flood to fire:
The weaver, charm'd with what his loom design'd,
Goes on to sea, and knows not to retire. 608

CLIII.

With roomy decks, her guns of mighty strength,
Whose low-laid mouths each mounting billow laves;
Deep in her draught and warlike in her length,
She seems a sea-wasp flying on the waves. 612

CLIV.

This martial present, piously design'd,
The loyal City gave their best-lov'd King;
And with a bounty ample as the wind,
Built, fitted, and maintain'd, to aid him bring. 616

CLV.

By viewing Nature, Nature's handmaid, Art
Makes mighty things from small beginnings grow:
Thus fishes first to shipping did impart,
Their tail the rudder, and their head the prow. 620

CLVI.

Some log perhaps upon the waters swam,
An useless drift, which rudely cut within,
And hollow'd, first a floating trough became,
And cross some riv'let passage did begin. 624

CLVII.

In ſhipping ſuch as this the Iriſh kern,
And untaught Indian, on the ſtream did glide,
Ere ſharp keel'd boats to ſtem the flood did learn,
Or fin-like oars did ſpread from either ſide.

CLVIII.

Add but a ſail, and Saturn ſo appear'd,
When from loſt empire he to exile went,
And with the Golden Age to Tiber ſteer'd,
Where coin and commerce firſt he did invent.

CLIX.

Rude as their ſhip was navigation then,
No uſeful compaſs or meridian known;
Coaſting, they kept the land within their ken,
And knew no north but when the poleſtar ſhone.

CLX.

Of all who ſince have us'd the open ſea,
None more fame have won than the bold Engliſh:
Beyond the year, and out of heav'n's high way *
They make diſcov'ries where they ſee no ſun.

CLXI.

But what ſo long in vain, and yet unknown,
By poor mankind's benighted wit is ſought,
Shall in this age to Britain firſt be ſhown,
And hence be to admiring nations taught.

CLXII.

The ebbs of tides, and their myſterious flow,
We as Art's elements ſhall underſtand,

* "Extra anni ſolisque vias." Virg.

And as by line upon the ocean go,
Whose path shall be familiar as the land.

CLXIII.

Instructed ships shall sail to quick commerce,
By which remotest regions are ally'd;
Which makes one city of the universe,
Where some may gain, and all may be supply'd.

CLXIV.

Then we upon our globe's last verge shall go,
And view the ocean leaning on the sky;
From thence our rolling neighbours we shall know,
And on the lunar world securely pry.

CLXV.

This I foretel, from your auspicious care,
Who great in search of God and Nature grow;
Who best your wise Creator's praise declare,
Since best to praise his works is best to know.

CLXVI.

O truly royal! who behold the law
And rule of beings in your Maker's mind;
And thence, like limbicks, rich ideas draw,
To fit the level'd use of humankind.

CLXVII.

But first the toils of war we must endure,
And from th' injurious Dutch redeem the seas:
War makes the valiant of his right secure,
And gives up Fraud to be chastis'd with ease.

CLXVIII.

Already were the Belgians on our coaſt,
Whoſe fleet more mighty ev'ry day became
By late ſucceſs, which they did falſely boaſt,
And now, by firſt appearing, ſeem'd to claim.

CLXIX.

Deſigning, ſubtle, diligent, and cloſe,
They knew to manage war with wiſe delay
Yet all theſe arts their vanity did croſs,
And by their pride their prudence did betray.

CLXX.

Nor ſtaid the Engliſh long; but well ſupply'd,
Appear a- num'rous as th' inſulting foe;
The combat now by courage muſt be try'd,
And the ſucceſs the braver nation ſhow.

CLXXI.

There was the Plymouth ſquadron now come in,
Which in the Streights laſt winter was abroad;
Which twice on Biſcay's working bay had been,
And on the midland ſea the French had aw'd.

CLXXII.

Old expert Allen, loyal all along,
Fam'd for his action on the Smyrna fleet;
And Holmes, whoſe name ſhall live in epick ſong,
While muſick numbers, or while verſe has feet.

CLXXIII.

Holmes! the Achates of the gen'ral's fight,
Who firſt bewitch'd our eyes with Guinea gold,

As once old Cato in the Romans' fight
The tempting fruits of Afric did unfold.

CLXXIV.

With him went Sprag, as bountiful as brave,
Whom his high courage to command had brought;
Harman, who did the twice-fir'd Harry save,
And in his burning ship undaunted fought.

CLXXV.

Young Hollis, on a Mufe by Mars begot,
Born Cæfar-like to write and act great deeds;
Impatient to revenge his fatal fhot,
His right hand doubly to his left fucceeds.

CLXXVI.

Thoufands were there in darker fame that dwell,
Whofe deeds fome nobler poem fhall adorn;
And, tho' to me unknown, they fure fought well
Whom Rupert led, and who were Britifh born.

CLXXVII.

Of every fize an hundred fighting fail:
So vaft the navy now at anchor rides,
That underneath it the preft'd waters fail,
And with its weight it fhoulders off the tides.

CLXXVIII.

Now anchors weigh'd, the feamen fhout fo fhrill,
That heav'n and earth and the wide ocean rings;
A breeze from weftward waits their fails to fill,
And refts in thofe high beds his downy wings.

CLXXIX.

The wary Dutch this gath'ring ſtorm foreſaw,
And durſt not bide it on the Engliſh coaſt;
Behind their treach'rous ſhallows they withdraw,
And there lay ſnares to catch the Britiſh hoſt.

CLXXX.

So the falſe ſpider, when her nets are ſpread,
Deep ambuſh'd in her ſilent den does lie,
And feels far off the trembling of her thread,
Whoſe filmy cord ſhould bind the ſtruggling fly.

CLXXXI.

Then if at laſt ſhe find him faſt beſet,
She iſſues forth and runs along her loom;
She joys to touch the captive in her net,
And drag the little wretch in triumph home.

CLXXXII.

The Belgians hop'd that with diſorder'd haſte
Our deep-cut keels upon the ſands might run;
Or, if with caution leiſurely we were paſt,
Their num'rous groſs might charge us one by one.

CLXXXIII.

But with a fore-wind puſhing them above,
And ſwelling tide that heav'd them from below,
O'er the blind flats our warlike ſquadrons move,
And with ſpread ſails to welcome battle go.

CLXXXIV.

Seem'd as there the Britiſh Neptune ſtood,
With all his hoſts of waters at command,

Beneath them to ſubmit th' officious flood,
And with his trident ſhov'd them off the land *.

CLXXXV.

To the pale foes they ſuddenly draw near,
And ſummon them to unexpected fight:
They ſtart like murderers when ghoſts appear,
And draw their curtain in the dead of night.

CLXXXVI.

Now van to van the formoſt squadrons meet,
The midmoſt battles haſt'ning up behind;
Who view far off the ſtorm of falling fleet,
And hear the thunder rattling in the wind.

CLXXXVII.

At length the adverſe admirals appear,
The two bold champions of each country's right;
Their eyes deſcribe the lifts as they come near,
And draw the lines of death before they fight.

CLXXXVIII.

The diſtance judg'd for ſhot of ev'ry ſize,
The linſtocks touch: the pond'rous ball expires;
The vig'rous ſeaman ev'ry portlade plies,
And adds his heart to ev'ry gun he fires.

CLXXXIX.

Fierce was the fight on the proud Belgians' ſide,
For honour, which they ſeldom fought before;
But now they by their own vain boaſts were ty'd,
And fore'd, at leaſt in ſhew, to prize it more.

* ——— "levat ipſe tridento,
"Et vastas aperit syrtes," &c.

CXC.

But ſharp remembrance on the Engliſh part,
And ſhame of being match'd by ſuch a foe,
Rouſe conſcious virtue up in ev'ry heart,
And ſeeming to be ſtronger makes them ſo *.

CXCI.

Nor long the Belgians could that fleet ſuſtain
Which did two gen'rals' fates and Cæſar's bear;
Each ſeveral ſhip a victory did gain,
As Rupert or as Albemarle were there.

CXCII.

Their batter'd admiral too ſoon withdrew,
Unthank'd by ours for his unfiniſh'd fight:
But he the minds of his Dutch maſters knew,
Who call'd that Providence which we call'd Flight:

CXCIII.

Never did men more joyfully obey,
Or ſooner underſtood the ſign to fly:
With ſuch alacrity they bore away,
As if to praiſe them all the States ſtood by.

CXCIV.

O famous Leader of the Belgian fleet!
Thy monument inſcrib'd ſuch praiſe ſhall wear,
As Varro, timely flying, once did meet,
Becauſe he did not of his Rome deſpair.

* "Poſſunt, quia poſſe videntur."

CXCV

Behold that navy which, a while before,
Provok'd the tardy Engliſh cloſe to fight,
Now draw their beaten veſſels cloſe to ſhore,
As larks lie dar'd to ſhun the hobbies' flight.

CXCVI.

Whoe'er would Engliſh monuments ſurvey,
In other records may our courage know;
But let them hide the ſtory of this day,
Whoſe fame was blemiſh'd by too baſe a foe.

CXCVII.

Or if too buſily they will inquire
Into a victory which we diſdain,
Then let them know the Belgians did retire
Before the patron ſaint of injur'd Spain.

CXCVIII.

Repenting England this revengeful day
To Philip's manes did an off'ring bring;
England, which firſt by leading them aſtray,
Hatch'd up rebellion to deſtroy her King.

CXCIX.

Our fathers bent their fanetful induſtry
To check a monarchy that ſlowly grew;
But did not France or Holland's fate foreſee,
Whoſe riſing pow'r to ſwift dominion flew.

CC.

In Fortune's empire blindly thus we go,
And wander after parblind Deſtiny;

Whose dark resorts since Prudence cannot know,
In vain it would provide for what shall be.

CCI

But whate'er English to the blest'd shall go,
And the fourth Harry or first Orange meet,
Find him disowning of a Bourbon foe,
And him detesting a Batavian fleet.

CCII

Now on their coasts our conqu'ring navy rides,
Waylays their merchants and their land-fleets;
Each day new wealth without their care provides;
They lie asleep with prizes in their nets.

CCIII

So close behind some promontory lie
The huge leviathans t' attend their prey,
And give no chase, but swallow in the fry,
Which thro' their gaping jaws mistake the way.

CCIV

Nor was this all; in ports and roads remote
Destructive fires among whole fleets we send;
Triumphant flames upon the waters float,
And outbound ships at home their voyage end.

CCV

Those various squadrons variously design'd,
Each vessel freighted with a several load,
Each squadron waiting for a several wind,
All find but one to burn them in the road.

CCVI.

Some bound for Guinea, golden sand to find,
Bore all the gaudes the simple natives wear;
Some for the pride of Turkish courts design'd,
For folded turbans finest holland bear.

CCVII.

Some English wool, vex'd in a Belgian loom,
And into cloth of spungy softness made,
Did into France or colder Denmark doom,
To ruin with worse ware our staple trade.

CCVIII.

Our greedy seamen rummage ev'ry hold,
Smile on the booty of each wealthier chest;
And as the priests, who with their gods make bold,
Take what they like, and sacrifice the rest.

CCIX.

But, ah! how unsincere are all our joys!
Which, sent from Heav'n, like lightning make no stay;
Their palling taste the journey's length destroys,
Or Grief, sent post, o'ertakes them on the way

CCX.

Swell'd with our late successes on the foe,
Which France and Holland wanted pow'r to cross,
We urge an unseen fate to lay us low,
And feed their envious eyes with English loss.

CCXI.

Each element his dread command obeys,
Who makes or ruins with a smile or frown;

Who, as by one he did our nation raise,
So now he with another pulls us down.

CCXII.

Yet, London, Empress of the Northern clime,
By an high fate thou greatly didst expire;
Great as the world's, which, at the death of Time*,
Must fall, and rise a nobler frame by fire.

CCXIII.

As when some dire usurper Heav'n provides
To scourge his country with a lawless sway,
His birth perhaps some petty village hides,
And sets his cradle out of Fortune's way:

CCXIV.

Till fully ripe, his swelling fate breaks out,
And hurries him to mighty mischiefs on:
His prince, surpris'd at first, no ill could doubt,
And wants the pow'r to meet it when 't is known.

CCXV.

Such was the rise of this prodigious fire,
Which in mean buildings first obscurely bred,
From thence did soon to open streets aspire,
And straight to palaces and temples spread.

CCXVI.

The diligence of Trade, and noiseful Gain,
And Luxury, more late, asleep were laid:
All was the Night's, and, in her silent reign,
No sound the rest of Nature did invade.

* "Quum mare, quum tellus, quum regia cœli
"Ardeat," &c.

CCXVII.

In this deep quiet, from what ſource unknown,
Thoſe ſeeds of fire their fatal birth diſcloſe;
And, firſt, few ſcatt'ring ſparks about were blown,
Big with the flames that to our ruin roſe.

CCXVIII.

Then in ſome cloſe-pent room it crept along,
And, mould'ring as it went, in ſilence fed;
Till th' infant monſter, with devouring ſtrong,
Walk'd boldly upright with exalted head.

CCXIX.

Now, like ſome rich or mighty murderer,
Too great for priſon, which he breaks with gold;
Who firſt for new miſchiefs does appear,
And dares the world to tax him with the old:

CCXX.

So 'ſcapes th' inſulting fire his narrow jail,
And makes ſmall outlets into open air;
There the fierce winds his tender force aſſail,
And beat him downward to his firſt repair.

CCXXI.

The winds, like crafty courtezans *, withhold
His flames from burning, but to blow them more;
And ev'ry freſh attempt he is repell'd
With faint denials, weaker than before.

* [illegible], &c.] "Hæc arte fruſtrati cupidum virum,
Aut ille amnem Æthiopia ad ſolem dare."

CCXXII.

And now, no longer letted of his prey,
He leaps up at it with enrag'd desire;
O'erlooks the neighbours with a wide survey,
And nods at ev'ry house his threat'ning fire.

CCXXIII.

The ghosts of traitors from the bridge descend,
With bold fanatick spectres to rejoice;
About the fire into a dance they bend,
And sing their sabbath notes with feeble voice.

CCXXIV.

Our guardian angel saw them where they sate
Above the palace of our slumb'ring King;
He sigh'd, abandoning his charge to Fate,
And, drooping, oft' look'd back upon the wing.

CCXXV.

At length the crackling noise and dreadful blaze
Call'd up some waking lover to the sight;
And long it was ere he the rest could raise,
Whose heavy eyelids yet were full of night.

CCXXVI.

The next to danger, hot pursu'd by Fate,
Half-cloth'd, half-naked, hastily retire;
And frighted mothers strike their breasts, too late,
For helpless infants left amidst the fire.

CCXXVII

Their cries soon waken all the dwellers near;
Now murm'ring noises rise in ev'ry street;

The more remote run ſtumbling with their fear,
And in the dark men juſtle as they meet.

CCXXVIII.

So weary bees in little cells repoſe,
But if night-robbers lift the well-ſtor'd hive,
An humming thro' their waxen city grows,
And out upon each other's wings they drive.

CCXXIX.

Now ſtreets grow throng'd and buſy as by day:
Some run for buckets to the hallow'd quire;
Some cut the pipes, and ſome the engines play,
And ſome, more bold, mount ladders to the fire.

CCXXX

In vain; for from the eaſt a Belgian wind
His hoſtile breath thro' the dry rafters ſent:
The flames impell'd ſoon left their foes behind,
And forward, with a wanton fury, went.

CCXXXI.

A key of fire ran all along the ſhore,
And lightren'd all the river with a blaze *;
The waken'd tides began again to roar,
And wond'ring fiſh in ſhining waters gaze.

CCXXXII.

Old Father Thames raiſ'd up his rev'rend head,
But fear'd the fate of Simois would return;
Deep in his ooze he ſought his ſedgy bed,
And ſhrunk his waters back into his urn.

* "Ingens agmen igni fœta fata reluxere." Ov. Met.

CCXXXIII.

The fire, mean-time, walks in a broader grofs,
To either hands his wings he opens wide;
He wades the ſtreets, and ſtraight he reaches crofs,
And plays his longing flames on th' other ſide.

CCXXXIV.

At firſt they warm, then ſcorch, and then they take;
Now with long reeks from ſide to ſide they feed:
At length, grown ſtrong, their mother fire forſake,
And a new colony of flames ſucceed.

CCXXXV.

To every nobler portion of the Town
The curling billows roll their reſtleſs tide;
In parties now they ſtraggle up and down,
As armies, unoppoſ'd, for prey divide.

CCXXXVI.

One mighty ſquadron, with a ſide-wind ſped,
Thro' narrow lanes his cumber'd fire does haſte,
By pow'rful charms of gold and ſilver led,
The Lombard bankers and the 'Change to waſte.

CCXXXVII.

Another backward to the Tow'r would go,
And ſlowly eats his way againſt the wind;
But the main body of the marching foe
Againſt th' imperial palace is deſign'd.

CCXXXVIII.

Now day appears, and with the day the King,
Whoſe early care had robb'd him of his reſt,

Far off the cracks of falling houſes ring,
And ſhrieks of ſubjects pierce his tender breaſt. 962

CCXXXIX.

Near as he draws, thick harbingers of ſmoke,
With gloomy pillars, cover all the place,
Whoſe little intervals of night are broke
By ſparks that drive againſt his ſacred face. 966

CCXL.

More than his guards his ſorrows made him know:
And pious tears which down his cheeks did ſhow:
The wretched in his grief forgot their own;
So much the pity of a king has pow'r! 970

CCXLI.

He wept the flames of what he lov'd ſo well,
And what ſo well had merited his love;
For never prince in grace did more excel,
Or royal city more in duty ſtrove. 974

CCXLII.

Nor with an idle care did he behold;
(Subjects may grieve, but monarchs muſt redreſs)
He cheers the fearful, and commends the bold,
And makes deſpairers hope for good ſucceſs. 978

CCXLIII.

Himſelf directs what firſt is to be done,
And orders all the ſuccours which they bring:
The helpful and the goodly out-lier run,
And form an army worthy ſuch a king. 982

CCXLIV.

He ſees the dire contagion ſpread ſo faſt,
That where it ſeizes all relief is vain,
And therefore muſt unwillingly lay waſte
That country which would elſe the foe maintain.

CCXLV.

The powder blows up all before the fire:
Th' amazed flames ſtand gather'd on a heap,
And from the precipice's brink retire,
Afraid to venture on ſo large a leap.

CCXLVI.

Thus fighting fires a while themſelves conſume,
But ſtraight, like Turks, forc'd on to win or die,
They firſt lay tender bridges of their fume,
And o'er the breach in unctious vapours fly.

CCXLVII.

Part ſtay for paſſage till a guſt of wind
Ships o'er their forces in a ſhining fleet;
Part creeping under ground, their journey blind,
And climbing from below, their fellows meet.

CCXLVIII.

Thus to ſome deſert plain, or old wood ſide,
Dire night-hags come from far to dance their round,
And o'er broad rivers on their ſtaves they ride,
Or ſweep in clouds above the blaſted ground.

CCXLIX.

No help avails: for, hydra-like, the fire
Lifts up his hundred heads to aim his way

And ſcarce the wealthy can one half retire
Before he ruſhes in to ſhare the prey. 995

CCL.

The rich grow ſuppliant, and the poor grow proud.
Theſe offer mighty gain, and theſe aſk more:
So void of pity is th' ignoble crowd,
When others' ruin may increaſe their ſtore! 1000

CCLI.

As thoſe who live by ſhores with joy behold
Some wealthy veſſel ſpilt or ſtranded nigh,
And from the rocks leap down for ſhipwreck'd gold,
And look the tempeſts which the others fly: 1004

CCLII.

So theſe but wait the owners' laſt deſpair,
And what's permitted to the flames invade;
Vain from their jaws the hungry morſels tear,
And on their backs the ſpoils of Vulcan lade. 1008

CCLIII.

The days were all in this lewd labour ſpent;
And when the weary king gave place to night,
His beams he to his royal brother lent,
And to ſhine ſtill in his reflective light. 1012

CCLIV.

Night came; but without darkneſs or repoſe,
A dismal picture of the general doom;
Where fools affrighted, when the trumpet blows,
And half-awaken'd, with their bodies come. 1016

CCLV.

Thoſe who have homes, when home they do repair,
To a laſt lodging call their wand'ring friends;
Their ſhort uneaſy ſleeps are broke with care,
To look how near their own deſtruction tends.

CCLVI.

Thoſe who have none ſit round where once it was,
And with full eyes each wonted room require;
Haunting the yet warm aſhes of the place,
As murder'd men walk where they did expire.

CCLVII.

Some ſtir up coals, and watch the Veſtal fire,
Others in vain from ſight of ruin run;
And while thro' burning lab'rinths they retire,
With loathing eyes repeat what they would ſhun.

CCLVIII.

The moſt in fields, like herded beaſts, lie down,
To dews obnoxious, on the graſſy floor;
And while their babes in ſleep their ſorrows drown,
Sad parents watch the remnants of their ſtore.

CCLIX

While by the motion of the flames they gueſs
What ſtreets are burning now, and what are near,
An infant, waking, to the paps would preſs,
And meets, inſtead of milk, a falling tear.

CCLX

No thought can eaſe them but their Sov'reign's care,
Whoſe praiſe th' afflicted as their comfort cry;

Even those whom want might drive to just despair,
Think heʼs a blessing under such a King.

CCLXI.

Mean-time he sadly suffers in their grief,
Outweeps an hermit, and outprays a saint:
All the long night he studies their relief,
How they may be supply'd and he may want.

CCLXII.

"O God," said he, "thou patron of my days,
"Guide of my youth in exile and distress!
"Who me unfriended brought'st by wondrous ways,
"The kingdom of my fathers to possess:

CCLXIII.

"But thou my judge, with what unweary'd care
"Since have I labour'd for my people's good,
"To bind the bruises of a Civil war,
"And stop the issues of their wasting blood!

CCLXIV.

"Thou, who hast taught me to forgive the ill,
"And recommense, as friends, the good mistaken;
"If mercy be a precept of thy will,
"Return that mercy on thy servant's head.

CCLXV.

"Or, if my heedless youth has stepp'd astray,
"Too soon forgetful of thy gracious hand,
"On me alone thy just displeasure lay,
"But take thy judgments from this mourning land.

CCLXVI.

" We all have ſinn'd, and thou haſt laid us low,
" As humble earth, from whence at firſt we came:
" Like flying ſhades before the clouds we ſhow,
" And ſhrink like parchment in conſuming flame.

CCLXVII.

" O let it be enough what thou haſt done!
" When ſpotted deaths ran arm'd thro' ev'ry ſtreet,
" With poiſon'd darts, which not the good could ſhun,
" The ſpeedy could outfly or valiant meet.

CCLXVIII.

" The living few, and frequent fun'rals then,
" Proclaim'd thy wrath on this forſaken place;
" And now thoſe few, who are return'd again,
" Thy ſearching judgments to their dwelling trace.

CCLXIX.

" O paſs not, Lord, an abſolute decree,
" Or bind thy ſentence unconditional;
" But in thy ſentence our remorſe foreſee,
" And in that foreſight this thy doom recall.

CCLXX.

" Thy threatnings, Lord, as thine, thou may'ſt revoke;
" But if immutable and fix'd they ſtand,
" Continue ſtill thyſelf to give the ſtroke,
" And let not foreign foes oppreſs thy land."

CCLXXI

Th' Eternal heard, and from the heav'nly choir
Ordain'd out the cherub with the flaming ſword,

And bade him ſwiftly drive th' approaching fire
From where our naval magazines were ſtor'd.

CCLXXII.

The bleſſed miniſter his wings diſplay'd,
And, like a ſhooting ſtar, he cleft the night:
He charg'd the flames, and thoſe that diſobey'd
He laſh'd to duty with his ſword of light.

CCLXXIII.

The fugitive flames, chaſtis'd, went forth to prey
On pious ſtructures, by our fathers rear'd;
By which to heav'n they did affect the way,
Ere faith in churchmen without works was heard.

CCLXXIV.

The wanting orphans ſaw, with wat'ry eyes,
Their founder's charity in duſt laid low,
And ſent to God their ever-anſwer'd cries,
For he protects the poor who made them ſo.

CCLXXV.

Nor could thy fabrick, Paul! defend thee long,
Tho' thou wert ſacred to thy Maker's praiſe;
Tho' made immortal by a poet's ſong,
And poets' ſongs the Theban walls could raiſe.

CCLXXVI.

The daring flames peep'd in, and ſaw from far
The awful beauties of the ſacred quire;
But, ſince it was profan'd by Civil war,
Heav'n thought it fit to have it purg'd by fire.

CCLXXVII.

Now down the narrow ſtreets it ſwiftly came,
And, widely op'ning, did on both ſides prey:
This benefit we gladly owe the flame,
It only ruin muſt enlarge our way. 1108

CCLXXVIII.

And now four days the ſun had ſeen our woes,
Four nights the moon beheld th' inceſſant fire;
It ſeem'd as if the ſtars more ſickly roſe,
And farther from the fev'riſh North retire. 1112

CCLXXIX.

In th' empyrean heav'n, the bleſs'd abode,
The Thrones and the Dominions proſtrate lie,
Not daring to behold their angry God,
And an hush'd ſilence damps the tuneful ſky. 1116

CCLXXX.

At length th' Almighty caſt a pitying eye,
And mercy ſoftly touch'd his melting breaſt;
He ſaw the Town's one half in rubbiſh lie,
And eager flames drive on to ſtorm the reſt. 1120

CCLXXXI.

An hollow cryſtal pyramid he takes,
In firmamental waters dip above;
Of it a broad extinguiſher he makes,
And hoods the flames that to their quarry drove. 1124

CCLXXXII.

The vanquiſh'd fires withdraw from ev'ry place,
Or, full with feeding, ſink into a ſleep:

Each houſehold genius ſhews again his face,
And from the hearths the little Lares creep.

CCLXXXIII.

Our King this more than nat'ral change beholds;
With ſober joy his heart and eyes abound;
To the All-good his lifted hands he folds,
And thanks him low on his redeemed ground.

CCLXXXIV.

As when ſharp froſts had long conſtrain'd the earth,
A kindly thaw unlocks it with cold rain,
And firſt the tender blade peeps up to birth,
And ſtraight the green fields laugh with promis'd grain:

CCLXXXV.

By ſuch degrees the ſpreading gladneſs grew
In ev'ry heart, which fear had froſe before:
The ſtanding ſtreets with ſo much joy they view,
That with leſs grief the periſh'd they deplore.

CCLXXXVI.

The father of the people open'd wide
His ſtores, and all the poor with plenty fed:
Thus God's anointed God's own place ſupply'd,
And fill'd the empty with his daily bread.

CCLXXXVII.

This royal bounty brought its own reward,
And in their minds ſo deep did print the ſenſe,
That if their ruins ſadly they regard,
'Tis but with fear the ſight might drive him thence.

CCLXXXVIII.

But so may he live long that Town to sway,
Which by his auspice they will nobler make,
As he will hatch their aines by his stay,
And not their humble ruins now forsake. 1152

CCLXXXIX.

They have not lost their loyalty by fire;
Nor is their courage or their wealth so low,
That from his wars they poorly would retire,
Or beg the pity of a vanquish'd foe. 1156

CCXC.

Not with more constancy the Jews of old,
By Cyrus from rewarded exile sent,
Their royal city did in dust behold,
Or with more vigour to rebuild it went. 1160

CCXCI.

The utmost malice of the stars is past,
And two dire comets, which have scourg'd the Town,
In their own plague and fire have breath'd their last,
Or dimly in their sinking sockets frown. 1164

CCXCII.

Now frequents trines the happier lights among,
And high-rais'd Jove from his dark prison freed,
(Those weights took off that on his planet hung)
Will gloriously the new-laid works succeed. 1168

CCXCIII.

Methinks already, from this chymick flame,
I see a city of more precious mould,
Rich as the town which gives the Indies name,
With silver-pav'd, and all divine with gold. 1172

CCXCIV.

Already, labʼring with a mighty fate,
She shakes the rubbish from her mounting brow,
And seems to have renewʼd her charterʼs date,
Which Heavʼn will to the death of Time allow. 1176

CCXCV.

More great than human, now, and more august,
New deified, she from her fires does rise;
Her widʼning streets on new foundations trust,
And, opʼning, into larger parts she flies. 1180

CCXCVI.

Before, she like some shepherdess did show,
Who sate to bathe her by a riverʼs side;
Not answering to her fame, but rude and low,
Nor taught the beauteous arts of modern pride. 1184

CCXCVII.

Now, like a maiden queen, she will behold,
From her high turrets, hourly suitors come:
The East with incense, and the West with gold,
Will stand like suppliants to receive her doom. 1188

CCXCVIII.

The silent Thames, her own domestick flood,
Shall bear her vessels like a sweeping train;
And often wind, as of his mistress proud,
With longing eyes to meet her face again. 1192

CCXCIX.

The wealthy Tagus, and the wealthier Rhine,
The glory of their towns no more shall boast,
And Seine, that would with Belgian rivers join,
Shall find her lustre stainʼd and traffick lost. 1196

CCC.

The vent'rous merchant, who design'd more far,
And touches on our hospitable shore,
Charm'd with the splendour of this Northern star,
Shall here unlade him, and depart no more.

CCCI.

Our pow'rful navy shall no longer meet,
The wealth of France or Holland to invade;
The beauty of this Town, without a fleet,
From all the world shall vindicate her trade.

CCCII.

And while this fam'd emporium we prepare,
The British ocean shall such triumphs boast,
That those who now disdain our trade to share,
Shall rob, like pirates, on our wealthy coast.

CCCIII.

Already we have conquer'd half the war,
And the less dang'rous part is left behind;
Our trouble now is but to make them dare,
And not so great to vanquish as to find.

CCCIV

Thus to the Eastern wealth thro' storms we go,
But now the Cape once doubled, fear no more;
A constant trade-wind will securely blow,
And gently lay us on the spicy shore.

BRITANNIA REDIVIVA:

A POEM ON THE PRINCE,

BORN JUNE 10. 1688.

OUR vows are heard by times, and Heav'n takes care
To grant before we can conclude the pray'r;
Preventing angels meet it half the way,
And fent us back to praife who came to pray.
Juft on the day when the high-mounted fun
Did fartheft in its northern progrefs run,
He bended forward, and ev'n ftretch'd the fphere
Beyond the limits of the lengthen'd year,
To view a brighter fun in Britain born;
That was the bus'nefs of his longeft morn;
The glorious object feen, 't was time to turn.
Departing Spring could only ftay to fhed
Her gloomy beauties on the genial bed,
But left the manly Summer in her head,
With timely fruit the longing land to cheer,
And to fulfil the promife of the year.
Between two feafons cruel and unpropitious hear,
This age to bleffom, and the next to bear.
Let folemn fabbath-days the church attend,
The Preacher in their pomp defend;
But when his wondrous out-ve roll'd again,
He brought a royal infant in his train.

1

So great a bleſſing to ſo good a King
None but th' eternal Comforter could bring.
Or did the mighty Trinity conſpire,
As once in council, to create our ſire?
It ſeems as if they ſent the new-born gueſt
To wait on the proceſſion of their feaſt,
And on their ſacred anniverſe decreed
To ſtamp their image on the promis'd ſeed.
Three realms united, and on one beſtow'd,
An emblem of their myſtick union ſhow'd;
The mighty Trine the triple empire ſhar'd,
As ev'ry perſon would have one to guard.
Hail Son of pray'rs! by holy violence
Drawn down from heav'n; but long baniſh'd thence,
And late to thy paternal ſkies retire:
To mend our crimes whole ages would require
To change th' inveterate habit of our ſins,
And finiſh what thy godlike ſire begins.
Kind Heav'n, to make us Engliſhmen again,
No leſs can give us than a patriarch's reign.
The ſacred cradle to your charge receive,
Ye Seraphs! and by turns the guard relieve,
Thy father's angel and thy father join
To keep poſſeſſion, and ſecure the line;
But long defer the honours of thy fate;
Great may they be like his, like his be late,
That James his running century may view,
And give this ſon an auſpice to the new.

Our wants exact at leaſt that moderate ſtay;
For ſee the Dragon winged on his way
To watch the travail and devour the prey.
Or, if alluſions may not riſe ſo high,
Thus, when Alcides rais'd his infant-cry,
The ſnakes beſieg'd his young divinity;
But vainly with their forked tongues they threat,
For oppoſition makes a hero great.
To needful ſuccour all the good will run,
And Jove aſſert the godhead of his ſon.

O ſtill repining at your preſent ſtate,
Grudging yourſelves the benefits of Fate,
Look up, and read, in characters of light,
A bleſſing ſent you in your own deſpight.
The manna falls, yet that celeſtial bread,
Like Jews, you munch, and murmur while you feed;
May not your fortune be like theirs, exil'd,
Yet forty years to wander in the wild?
Or if it be, may Moſes live at leaſt
To lead you to the verge of promis'd reſt.

Tho' poets are not prophets, to foreknow
What plants will take the blight, and what will grow,
By tracing heav'n his footſteps may be found:
Behold! how awfully he walks the round!
God is abroad, and wondrous in his ways,
The riſe of empires and their fall ſurveys:
More (might I ſay) than with an uſual eye,
He ſees his bleeding church in ruin lie,
And hears the groans of ſaints beneath his altar cry.

Already has he lifted high the sign
Which crown'd the conqu'ring arms of Constantine;
The moon grows pale at that presaging sight,
And half her train of stars have lost their light.
Behold another Sylvester, to bless
The sacred standard, and secure success;
Large of his treasures, of a soul so great,
As fills and crowds his universal seat.
Now view at home a second Constantine;
(The former too was of the British line)
Has not his healing balm your breaches clos'd,
Whose exile many sought, and few oppos'd?
O! did not Heav'n, by its eternal doom,
Permit those evils that this good might come?
So manifest, that e'en the moon-ey'd fools
See whom and what this Providence protects.
Methinks, had we within our minds no more
Than that one shipwreck on the fatal ore,
That only thought may make us think again
What wonders God reserves for such a reign.
To dream that chance his preservation wrought,
Were to think Noah was preserv'd for nought.
Or the surviving eight were not design'd
To people earth, and to restore their kind.
When humbly on the royal Babe we gaze,
The manly lines of a majestick face
Give awful joy: 'tis paradise to look
On the fair frontispiece of Nature's book;

If the firſt op'ning page ſo charms the ſight,
Think how th' unfolded volume will delight!
See how the venerable infant lies
In early pomp! how thro' the mother's eyes
The father's ſoul, with an undaunted view,
Looks out, and takes our homage as his due.
See on his future ſubjects how he ſmiles!
Nor meanly flatters, nor with craft beguiles;
But with an open face, as on his throne,
Aſſures our birthrights, and aſſumes his own.
Born in broad daylight, that th' ungrateful rout
May find no room for a remaining doubt.
Truth, which itſelf is light, does darkneſs ſhun,
And the true eaglet ſafely dares the ſun.

Fain would the fiends have made a dubious birth*,
Loath to confeſs the Godhead cloth'd in earth;
But ſicken'd after all their baffled lies,
To find an heir-apparent in the ſkies:
Abandon'd to deſpair, ſtill may they grudge,
And, owning not the Saviour, prove the Judge.

Not great Æneas † ſtood in plainer day,
When the dark mantling miſt diſſolv'd away,
He to the Tyrians ſhew'd his ſudden face,
Shining with all his goddeſs-mother's grace,
For ſhe herſelf had made his count'nance bright,
Breath'd honour on his eyes, and her own purple light.

* Alluding to the temptations in the wilderneſs.
† Virg. Æneid. 1.

If our victorious Edward, as they say,
Gave Wales a prince on that propitious day,
Why may not years, revolving with his fate,
Produce his like, but with a longer date?
One who may carry to a distant shore
The terrour that his fam'd forefather bore.
But why should James or his young hero stay
For slight presages of a name or day;
We need no Edward's fortune to adorn
That happy moment when our Prince was born;
Our Prince adorns this day, and ages hence
Shall wish his birthday for some future prince.

Great Michael! prince of all th' ethereal hosts,
And whate'er inborn saints our Britain boasts;
And thou th' adopted patron of our isle,
With cheerful aspects on this infant smile;
The pledge of Heav'n, which dropping from above,
Secures our bliss, and reconciles his love.

Enough of ills our dire rebellion wrought,
When to the dregs we drank the bitter draught;
Then airy atoms did in plagues conspire,
Nor did th' avenging angel yet retire,
But purg'd our still-increasing crimes with fire.
Then perjur'd plots, the still-impending test,
And worse—but charity conceals the rest.
Here stop the current of the sanguine flood;
Require not, gracious God! thy martyrs' blood;

But let their dying pangs, their living toil,
Spread a rich harveſt thro' their native ſoil;
A harveſt rip'ning for another reign,
Of which this royal Babe may reap the grain.
Enough of early ſaints one womb has giv'n;
Enough increas'd the family of Heav'n:
Let them for his and our atonement go,
And reigning bleſs'd above leave him to rule below.
Enough already has the year foreſhow'd;
His wonted courſe the ſea has overflow'd;
The meads were floated with a weeping ſpring,
And frighten'd birds in woods forgot to ſing:
The ſtrong-limb'd ſteed beneath his harneſs faints,
And the ſame ſhiv'ring ſweat his lord attaints.
When will the miniſter of wrath give o'er?
Behold him at Arauna's threſhing-floor *
He ſtops, and ſeems to ſheath his flaming brand,
Pleas'd with burnt incenſe from our David's hand.
David has bought the Jebuſite's abode,
And rais'd an altar to the living God.
Heav'n, to reward him, makes his joys ſincere;
No future ills nor accidents appear
To ſully and pollute the ſacred infant's year.
Five months to diſcord and debate were giv'n;
He finiſhes the yet remaining ſev'n.

* See 2 Sam. xxiv. 16. in the firſt book of Kings, chap.

Sabbath of months! henceforth in him be bleſs'd,
And prelude to the realm's perpetual reſt!
Let his baptiſmal drops for us atone,
Luſtrations for offences not his own.
Let conſcience, which is int'reſt ill diſguis'd,
In the ſame font be cleans'd, and all the land baptiz'd.
Unnam'd as yet, at leaſt unknown to fame,
Is there a ſtrife in heav'n about his name,
Where ev'ry famous predeceſſor vies,
And makes a faction for it in the ſkies?
Or muſt it be reſerv'd to thought alone?
Such was the ſacred Tetragrammaton.
Things worthy ſilence muſt not be reveal'd;
Thus the true name of Rome was kept conceal'd,
To ſhun the ſpells and ſorceries of thoſe
Who durſt her infant majeſty oppoſe:
But when his tender ſtrength in time ſhall riſe
To dare ill tongues and faſcinating eyes,
This iſle, which hides the little thund'rer's fame,
Shall be too narrow to contain his name;
Th' artillery of heav'n ſhall make him known:
Crete could not hold the god when Jove was grown.
As Jove's increaſe, who from his brain was born,
Whom arms and arts did equally adorn,
Free of the breaſt was bred, whoſe milky taſte
Minerva's name to Venus had debas'd;
So this imperial Babe rejects the food
That mixes monarchs' with plebeian blood:

Food that his inborn courage might control
Extinguish all the father in his soul,
And for his Britian race, and Saxon strain,
Might reproduce some second Richard's reign.
Mildness he shares from both his parents' blood,
But kings too tame are despicably good:
Be this the mixture of this regal child,
By nature manly, but by virtue mild.
Thus far the furious transport of the news
Had to prophetick madness fir'd the Muse;
Madness ungovernable, uninspir'd,
Swift to foretel whatever she desir'd.
Was it for me the dark abyss to tread,
And read the book which angels cannot read?
How was I punish'd when the sudden blast,
The face of heav'n and our young sun o'ercast!
Fame, the swift ill, increasing as she roll'd,
Disease, Despair, and Death, at three reprises told;
At three insulting strides the stalk'd the Town,
And, like Contagion, struck the loyal down.
Down fell the winnow'd wheat, but mounted high,
The whirlwind bore the chaff, and hid the sky.
Here black Rebellion shooting from below,
(As earth's gigantick brood by moments grow)
And here the sons of God are petrify'd with woe:
An apoplex of grief; so low were driv'n
The saints as hardly to defend their heav'n.

As when pent vapours run their hollow round,
Earthquakes, which are convulsions of the ground,
Break bellowing forth, and no confinement brook,
Till the third settles what the former shook:
Such heavings had our souls, till, slow and late,
Our life with his return'd, and faith prevail'd on Fate;
By pray'rs the mighty blessing was implor'd,
To pray'rs was granted, and by pray'rs restor'd.
So, ere the Shunammite * a son conceiv'd,
The prophet promis'd, and the wife believ'd.
A son was sent, the son so much desir'd,
But soon upon the mother's knees expir'd:
The troubled seer approach'd the mournful door,
Ran, pray'd, and sent his past'ral staff before,
Then stretch'd his limbs upon the child and mourn'd,
Till warmth, and breath, and a new soul, return'd.
Thus Mercy stretches out her hand, and saves
Despouding Peter sinking in the waves.
As when a sudden storm of hail and rain
Beats to the ground the yet unbearded grain,
Think not the hopes of harvest are destroy'd
On the flat field, and on the naked void;
The light, unloaded stem, from tempest freed,
Will raise the youthful honours of his head;
And, soon restor'd by native vigour, bear
The timely product of the bounteous year.

* In the second book of kings, chap. iv.

Nor yet conclude all fiery trials paſt,
For Heav'n will exerciſe us to the laſt;
Sometimes will check us in our full career
With doubtful bleſſings and with mingled fear;
That, ſtill depending on his daily grace,
His ev'ry mercy for an alms may paſs;
With ſparing hands will diet us to good,
Preventing ſurfeits of our pamper'd blood.
So feeds the mother-bird her craving young
With little morſels and delays 'em long.
True, this laſt bleſſing was a royal feaſt;
But where's the wedding-garment on the gueſt?
Our manners, as religion were a dream,
Are ſuch as teach the nations to blaſpheme.
In luſts we wallow, and with pride we ſwell,
And injuries with injuries repel;
Prompt to revenge, not daring to forgive,
Our lives unteach the doctrine we believe.
Thus Iſrael ſinn'd, impenitently hard,
And vainly thought the preſent ark their guard *;
But when the haughty Philiſtines appear,
They fled, abandon'd to their foes and fear;
Their God was abſent tho' his ark was there.
Ah! leſt our crimes ſhould ſnatch this pledge away,
And make our joys the bleſſings of a day!
For we have ſinn'd him hence, and that he lives,
God to his promiſe, not our practice, gives

* 1 Sam. iv. 10.

Our crimes would soon weigh down the guilty scale,
But James, and Mary, and the Church, prevail:
Nor Amalek can rout the chosen bands *,
While Hur and Aaron hold up Moses' hands.
By living well let us secure his days,
Nor Fate in hopes, and humble in our ways.
No force the freeborn spirit can constrain,
But charity and great examples gain
Forgiveness is our thanks for such a day;
'Tis godlike God in his own coin to pay.
But you, propitious Queen! translated here,
From your mild heav'n, to rule our rugged sphere,
Beyond the sunny walks and circling year;
You, who your native climate have bereft
Of all the virtues, and the vices left;
Whom piety and beauty make their boast,
Tho' beautiful is well in pious lost;
So shall as starlight is dissolv'd away,
And melts into the bright tract of the day;
Or gold about the regal diadem,
Lost to improve the lustre of the gem:
What can we add to your triumphant day?
Let the great gift the beauteous giver pay;
For should our thanks awake the rising sun,
And kingdom as his latest shadows run,
Tho' the longest day would soon, too soon be done.

* Exod. xvii.

Let angels' voices with their harps conſpire,
But keep th' auſpicious infant from the choir:
Late let him ſing above, and let us know
No ſweeter muſick than his cries below.
Nor can I wiſh to you, great Monarch! more
Than ſuch an annual income to your ſtore.
The day which gave this Unit did not ſhine
For a leſs omen than to fill the Trine.
After a Prince an Admiral beget;
The Royal Sov'reign wants an anchor yet.
Our iſle has younger titles ſtill in ſtore,
And when th' exhauſted land can yield no more,
Your line can force them from a foreign ſhore.
The name of Great your martial mind will ſuit,
But Juſtice is your darling attribute:
Of all the Greeks 't was but one hero's* due,
And in him Plutarch prophefy'd of you:
A prince's favours but on few can fall,
But Juſtice is a virtue ſhar'd by all.
Some kings the name of Conqu'rors have aſſum'd,
Some to be great, ſome to be gods preſum'd,
But boundleſs pow'r and arbitrary luſt
Made tyrants ſtill abhor the name of Juſt;
They ſhunn'd the praiſe this godlike virtue gives,
And fear'd a title that reproach'd their lives.
The pow'r from which all kings derive their ſtate,
Whom they pretend at leaſt to imitate,

* Ariſtides. See his life in Plutarch.

Is equal both to punish and reward,
For few would love their God unless they fear'd.
Restless force and immortality
Make but a lame imperfect deity:
Tempests have force unbounded to destroy,
And deathless being e'en the damn'd enjoy;
And yet Heav'n's attributes, both last and first,
One without life, and one with life accurst:
But Justice is Heav'n's self, so strictly he,
That could it fail the Godhead could not be.
This virtue is your own; but life and fate
Are one to Fortune subject, one to Fate:
Equal to all, you justly frown or smile:
Nor hopes nor fears your steady hand beguile:
Yourself our balance hold, the world's our isle.

RELIGIO LAICI,

OR,

A LAYMAN'S FAITH.

AN EPISTLE.

THE PREFACE.

A POEM with so bold a title, and a name prefixed from which the handling of so serious a subject would not be expected, may reasonably oblige the Author to say somewhat in defence both of himself and of his undertaking. In the first place, if it be objected to me that, being a layman, I ought not to have concerned myself with speculations which belong to the profession of divinity; I could answer, that perhaps laymen, with equal advantages of parts and knowledge, are not the most incompetent judges of sacred things. But, in the true sense of my own weakness and want of learning, I plead not this; I pretend not to make myself a judge of faith in others, but only to make a confession of my own. I lay no unhallowed hand upon the ark, but wait on it, with the reverence that becomes me, at a distance. In the next place, I will ingenuously confess, that the helps I have used in this small treatise were many of them taken from the works of our own reverend divines of the Church of England; so that the weapons with which

I combat irreligion are already conſecrated; though I ſuppoſe they may be taken down as lawfully as the ſword of Goliath was by David, when they are to be employed for the common cauſe againſt the enemies of piety. I intend not by this to entitle them to any of my errours; which yet I hope are only thoſe of charity to mankind; and ſuch as my *own* charity has cauſed me to commit, that of *others* may more eaſily excuſe. Being naturally inclined to ſcepticiſm in philoſophy, I have no reaſon to impoſe my opinions in a ſubject which is above it: but whatever they are, I ſubmit them with all reverence to my Mother-church, accounting them no farther mine than as they are authoriſed, or at leaſt uncondemned, by her. And indeed to ſecure myſelf on this ſide, I have uſed the neceſſary precaution of ſhewing this paper, before it was publiſhed, to a judicious and learned friend, a man indefatigably zealous in the ſervice of the Church and State, and whoſe writings have highly deſerved of both. He was pleaſed to approve the body of the diſcourſe, and I hope he is more my friend than to do it out of complaiſance. 'Tis true, he had too good a taſte to like it all; and, amongſt ſome other faults, recommended to my ſecond view what I have written, perhaps too boldly, on St. Athanaſius, which he adviſed me wholly to omit. I am ſenſible enough that I had done more prudently to have followed his opinion; but then I could not have ſatisfied myſelf

that I had done honeſtly not to have written what was my own. It has always been my thought that Heathens, who never did, nor without miracle could, hear of the name of Chriſt, were yet in a poſſibility of ſalvation. Neither will it enter eaſily into my belief that, before the coming of our Saviour, the whole world, excepting only the Jewiſh nation, ſhould lie under the inevitable neceſſity of everlaſting puniſhment, for want of that revelation which was confined to ſo ſmall a ſpot of ground as that of Paleſtine. Among the ſons of Noah we read of one only who was accurſed; and if a bleſſing in the ripeneſs of time was reſerved for Japheth, (of whoſe progeny we are) it ſeems unaccountable to me why ſo many generations, of the ſame off-pring as preceded our Saviour in the fleſh, ſhould be all involved in one common condemnation, and yet that their poſterity ſhould be entitled to the hopes of ſalvation; as if a bill of exclusion had paſſed only on the fathers, which debarred not the ſons from their ſucceſſion; or that ſo many ages had been delivered over to hell, and ſo many reſerved for heaven; and that the devil had the firſt choice, and God the next. Truly I am apt to think that the revealed religion which was taught by Noah to all his ſons might continue for ſome ages in the whole poſterity: that afterwards it was included wholly in the family of Shem is manifeſt; but when the progenies of Cham and Japheth ſwarmed into co-

lonies, and thoſe colonies were ſubdivided into many others, in proceſs of time their deſcendents loſt, by little and little, the primitive and purer rites of divine worſhip, retaining only the notion of one Deity, to which ſucceeding generations added others: for men took their degrees in thoſe ages from conquerors to gods. Revelation being thus eclipſed to almoſt all mankind, the light of Nature, as the next in dignity, was ſubſtituted; and that is it which St. Paul concludes to be the rule of the Heathens, and by which they are hereafter to be judged. If my ſuppoſition be true, then the conſequence which I have aſſumed in my poem may be alſo true; namely, that Deiſm, or the principles of natural worſhip, are only the faint remnants or dying flames of revealed religion in the poſterity of Noah; and that our modern philoſophers, nay, and ſome of our philoſophizing divines, have too much exalted the faculties of our ſouls, when they have maintained that, by their force, mankind has been able to find out that there is one ſupreme Agent, or intellectual Being, which we call God; that praiſe and prayer are his due worſhip: and the reſt of thoſe deducements, which I am confident are the remote effects of revelation, and unattainable by our diſcourſe, I mean as ſimply conſidered, and without the benefit of divine illumination: ſo that we have not lifted up ourſelves to God by the weak pinions of our reaſon, but he has been pleaſed to deſcend to us; and what So-

crates ſaid of him, what Plato writ, and the reſt of the Heathen philoſophers of ſeveral nations, is all no more than the twilight of revelation, after the ſun of it was ſet in the race of Noah. That there is ſomething above us, ſome principle of motion, our reaſon can apprehend, though it cannot diſcover what it is by its own virtue. And indeed it is very improbable that we, who, by the ſtrength of our faculties, cannot enter into the knowledge of any being, not ſo much as of our own, ſhouldbeable to find out by them that Supreme Nature which we cannot otherwiſe define than by ſaying it is Infinite; as if infinite were definable, or infinity a ſubject for our narrow underſtanding. They who would prove religion by reaſon do but weaken the cauſe which they endeavour to ſupport: it is to take away the pillars from our faith, and to prop it only with a twig; it is to deſign a tower like that of Babel, which, if it were poſſible (as it is not) to reach heaven, would come to nothing by the confuſion of the workmen: for every man is building a ſeveral way, impotently conceited of his own model and his own materials. Reaſon is always ſtriving, and always at a loſs; and of neceſſity it muſt ſo come to paſs, while it is exerciſed about that which is not its proper object. Let us be content at laſt to know God by his own methods: at leaſt ſo much of him as he is pleaſed to reveal to us in the ſacred Scriptures: to apprehend them to be the

word of God is all our reason has to do; for all beyond it is the work of faith, which is the seal of Heaven impressed upon our human understanding.

And now for what concerns the holy bishop Athanasius, the preface of whose Creed seems inconsistent with my opinion, which is, that Heathens may possibly be saved. In the first place, I desire it may be considered that it is the Preface only, not the Creed itself, which (till I am better informed) is of too hard a digestion for my charity. 'Tis not that I am ignorant how many several texts of Scripture seemingly support that cause; but neither am I ignorant how all those texts may receive a kinder and more mollified interpretation. Every man, who is read in church-history, knows that Belief was drawn up after a long contestation with Arius concerning the divinity of our blessed Saviour, and his being one substance with the Father; and that, thus compiled, it was sent abroad among the Christian churches, as a kind of test, which, whosoever took, was looked on as an orthodox believer. 'Tis manifest from hence that the Heathen part of the empire was not concerned in it; for its business was not to distinguish betwixt Pagans and Christians, but betwixt hereticks and true believers. This, well considered, takes off the heavy weight of censure which I would willingly avoid from so venerable a man; for if this proposition, "Whosoever will be saved," be restrained only to those to whom

it was intended, and for whom it was compoſed, I mean the Chriſtians, then the *anathema* reaches not the Heathens, who had never heard of Chriſt, and were nothing intereſted in that diſpute. After all, I am far from blaming even that prefatory addition to the Creed, and as far from cavilling at the continuation of it in the Liturgy of the church, where, on the days appointed, it is publickly read: for I ſuppoſe there is the ſame reaſon for it now, in oppoſition to the Socinians, as there was then againſt the Arians; the one being a hereſy which ſeems to have been refined out of the other; and with how much more plauſibility of reaſon it combats our religion, with ſo much more caution it ought to be avoided: therefore the prudence of our church is to be commended, which has interpoſed her authority for the recommendation of this Creed. Yet to ſuch as are grounded in the true belief, thoſe explanatory creeds, the Nicene, and this of Athanaſius, might perhaps be ſpared: for what is ſupernatural will always be a myſtery in ſpite of expoſition: and, for my own part, the plain Apoſtles' Creed is moſt ſuitable to my weak underſtanding, as the ſimpleſt diet is the moſt eaſy of digeſtion.

I have dwelt longer on this ſubject than I intended, and longer than perhaps I ought; for having laid down, as my foundation, that the Scripture is a rule in all things needful to ſalvation it is clear, ſufficient, and ordained by God Almighty for that

purpoſe, I have left myſelf no right to interpret obſcure places, ſuch as concern the poſſibility of eternal happineſs to Heathens; becauſe whatſoever is obſcure is concluded, not neceſſary to be known.

But, by aſſerting the Scripture to be the canon of our faith, I have unavoidably created to myſelf two ſorts of enemies: the Papiſts indeed more directly, becauſe they have kept the Scripture from us what they could, and have reſerved to themſelves a right of interpreting what they have delivered, under the pretence of infallibility; and the Fanaticks more collaterally, becauſe they have aſſumed what amounts to an infallibility in the private ſpirit, and have detorted thoſe texts of Scripture which are not neceſſary to ſalvation to the damnable uſes of ſedition, diſturbance, and deſtruction of the Civil government. To begin with the Papiſts, and to ſpeak freely, I think the theme leſs dangerous (at leaſt in appearance) to our preſent ſtate; for not only the penal laws are in force againſt them, and their number is contemptible, but alſo their peers and commons are excluded from Parliament, and conſequently thoſe laws in no probability of being repealed. A general and uninterrupted plot of their clergy, ever ſince the Reformation, I ſuppoſe all Proteſtants believe: for it is not reaſonable to think but that ſo many of their orders, as were outed from their fat poſſeſſions, would endeavour a reentrance againſt thoſe whom they account

hereticks. As for the late deſign, Mr. Coleman's Letters, for ought I know, are the beſt evidence; and what they diſcover, without wire-drawing their ſenſe or malicious gloſſes, all men of reaſon conclude credible. If there be any thing more than this required of me, I muſt believe it as well as I am able, in ſpite of the witneſſes, and out of a decent conformity to the votes of Parliament; for I ſuppoſe the Fanaticks will not allow the private ſpirit in this caſe. Here the infallibility is at leaſt in one part of the government, and our underſtandings as well as our wills are repreſented. But to return to the Roman Catholicks; how can we be ſecure from the practice of Jeſuited Papiſts in that religion? For not two or three of that order, as ſome of them would impoſe upon us, but almoſt the whole body of them, are of opinion, that their infallible maſter has a right over kings, not only in ſpirituals but temporals. Not to name Mariano, Bellarmine, Emanuel Sa, Molina, Santaret, Simancа, and at leaſt twenty others of foreign countries, we can produce of our own nation Campian, and Doleman, or Parſons, beſides many are named whom I have not read, who all of them atteſt this doctrine, that the Pope can depoſe and give away the right of any ſovereign prince, *ſi vel paulum deflexerit*, if he ſhall never ſo little warp: but if he once comes to be excommunicated, then the bond of obedience is taken off from ſubjects, and they may and ought to drive him,

like another Nebuchadnezzar, *ex hominum Chriſtianorum consortio*, from exerciſing dominion over Chriſtians; and to this they are bound by virtue of divine precept, and by all the ties of conſcience, under no leſs penalty than damnation. If they anſwer me (as a learned prieſt has lately written) that this doctrine of the Jeſuits is not *de fide*, and that conſequently they are not obliged by it, they muſt pardon me if I think they have ſaid nothing to the purpoſe; for it is a maxim in their church, where points of faith are not decided, and that doctors are of contrary opinions, they may follow which part they pleaſe, but more ſafely the moſt received and moſt authorized: and their champion Bellarmine has told the world, in his Apology, that the King of England is a vaſſal to the Pope, *ratione directi dominii*, and that he holds in villanage of his Roman landlord; which is no new claim put in for England. Our chronicles are his authentick witneſſes that King John was depoſed by the tame plea, and Philip Auguſtus admitted tenant. And (which makes the more for Bellarmine) the French king was again ejected when our king ſubmitted to the church, and the crown was received under the vaſſalage.

It is not ſufficient for the more moderate and well-meaning Papiſts (of which I doubt not there are many) to produce the evidences of their loyalty to the late king, and to declare their innocency in this plot. I

will grant their behaviour, in the firſt, to have been as loyal and as brave as they deſire; and will be willing to hold them excuſed as to the ſecond, I mean, when it comes to my turn, and after my betters; for it is a madneſs to be ſober alone while the nation continues drunk. But that ſaying of their father Creſs is ſtill running in my head, that they may be diſpenſed with in their obedience to an heretick prince, while the neceſſity of the times ſhall oblige them to it; for that (as another of them tells us) is only the effect of Chriſtian prudence: but when once they ſhall get power to ſhake him off, an heretick is no lawful king, and conſequently to riſe againſt him is no rebellion. I ſhould be glad therefore that they would follow the advice which was charitably given them by a reverend prelate of our church, namely, that they would join in a publick act of diſowning and deteſting thoſe Jeſuitic principles, and ſubſcribe to all doctrines which deny the Pope's authority of depoſing kings, and releaſing ſubjects from their oath of allegiance, to which I ſhould think they might eaſily be induced, if it be true that this preſent Pope has condemned the doctrine of king-killing (a theſis of the Jeſuits) maintained amongſt others, *ex cathedra*, (as they call it) or in open conſiſtory.

Leaving them therefore in ſo fair a way (if they pleaſe themſelves) of ſatisfying all reaſonable men of

their sincerity and good meaning to the government, I shall make bold to consider that other extreme of our religion: I mean the Fanaticks or Schismaticks of the English church. Since the Bible has been translated into our tongue, they have used it so as if their business was not to be saved, but to be damned, by its contents. If we consider only them, better had it been for the English nation that it had still remained in the original Greek and Hebrew, or at least in the honest Latin of St. Jerome, than that several texts in it should have been prevaricated to the destruction of that government which put it into so ungrateful hands.

How many heresies the first translation of Tindal produced in few years, let my Lord Herbert's History of Henry VIII. inform you; insomuch, that for the gross errours in it, and the great mischiefs it occasioned, a sentence passed on the first edition of the Bible too shameful almost to be repeated. After the short reign of Edward VI. (who had continued to carry on the Reformation on other principles than it was begun) every one knows, that not only the chief promoters of that work, but many others, whose consciences would not dispense with Popery, were forced, for fear of persecution, to change climates; from whence returning at the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, many of them who had been in France and at Geneva brought back the rigid opinions and

imperious discipline of Calvin to graft upon our Reformation: which, though they cunningly concealed at first, as well knowing how nauseously that drug would go down in a lawful monarchy which was prescribed for a rebellious commonwealth, yet they always kept it in reserve, and were never wanting to themselves either in court or parliament, when either they had any prospect of a numerous party of fanatick members of the one, or the encouragement of any favourite in the other, whose covetousness was gaping at the patrimony of the church. They who will consult the works of our venerable Hooker, or the account of his life, or more particularly the letter written to him on this subject by George Cranmer, may see by what gradations they proceeded. From the dislike of cap and surplice, the very next step was admonitions to the Parliament against the whole government ecclesiastical: then came out volumes in English and Latin in defence of their tenets; and immediately practices were set on foot to reject their discipline without authority. Those not succeeding, satire and railing was the next; and Martin Mar-Prelate (the Marvel of the times) was the first Presbyterian scribbler who fanctified libels and scurrility to the use of the good old cause; which was done, says my author upon this account, that their serious treatises having been fully answered, and the [illegible]

by railing what they had loſt by reaſoning; and when their cauſe was ſunk in court and parliament, they might at leaſt hedge in a ſtake amongſt the rabble; for to their ignorance all things are wit which are abuſive; but if church and ſtate were made the theme, then the doctoral degree of wit was to be taken at Billingſgate. Even the moſt ſaint-like of the party, though they durſt not excuſe this contempt and vilifying of the government, yet were pleaſed, and grinned at it with a pious ſmile, and called it a judgment of God againſt the hierarchy. Thus ſectaries, we may ſee, were born with teeth, foul-mouthed, and ſcurrilous from their infancy; and if ſpiritual pride, venom, violence, contempt of ſuperiours, and ſlander, had been the marks of orthodox belief, the Preſbytery, and the reſt of our Schiſmaticks, which are their ſpawn, were always the moſt viſible church in the Chriſtian world.

It is true, the government was too ſtrong at that time for a rebellion; but, to ſhow what proficiency they had made in Calvin's ſchool, even then their mouths watered at it: for two of their gifted brotherhood, Hacket and Coppinger, as the ſtory tells us, got up into a peaſe-cart, and harangued the people, ſo diſpoſe them to an inſurrection, and to eſtabliſh their diſcipline by force: ſo that, however it comes about that now they celebrate Queen Elizabeth's birthnight as that of their ſaint and patroneſs, yet

then they were for doing the work of the Lord by arms against her: and, in all probability, they wanted but a fanatick lord-mayor and two sheriffs of their party to have compassed it.

Our venerable Hooker, after many admonitions which he had given them, towards the end of his preface breaks out into this prophetick speech: "There "is in every one of these considerations most just cause "to fear, least our haltings to embrace a thing of so "perilous consequence" (meaning the Presbyterian discipline) "should cause posterity to feel those evils "which as yet are more easy for us to prevent than "they would be for them to remedy."

How fatally this Cassandra has foretold, we know too well by sad experience. The seeds were sown in the time of Queen Elizabeth; the bloody harvest ripened in the reign of King Charles the Martyr: and, because all the sheaves could not be carried off without shedding some of the loose grains, another crop is too like to follow: nay, I fear it is unavoidable, if the Conventiclers be permitted still to scatter.

A man may be suffered to quote an adversary to our religion when he speaks truth; and it is the observation of Mainbourg, in his History of Calvinism, that wherever that discipline was planted and embraced, rebellion, civil war, and misery, attended it. And how indeed should it be otherwise? It

formation of church and ſtate has always been the ground of our diviſions in England. While we were Papiſts, our Holy father rid us, by pretending authority out of the Scriptures to depoſe princes; when we ſhook off his authority, the Sectaries furniſhed themſelves with the ſame weapons, and out of the ſame magazine, the Bible. So that the Scriptures, which are in themſelves the greateſt ſecurity of governors, as commanding expreſs obedience to them, are now turned to their deſtruction; and never, ſince the Reformation, has there wanted a text of their interpreting to authorize a rebel. And it is to be noted by the way, that the doctrines of king-killing and depoſing, which have been taken up only by the worſt party of the Papiſts, the moſt frontleſs flatterers of the Pope's authority, have been eſpouſed, defended, and are ſtill maintained, by the whole body of Nonconformiſts and Republicans. It is but dubbing themſelves the people of God, which it is the intereſt of their preachers to tell them they are, and their own intereſt to believe, and, after that, they cannot dip into the Bible but one text or another will turn up for their purpoſe. If they are under perſecution, as they call it, then that is a mark of their election; if they flouriſh, then God works miracles for their deliverance, and the ſaints are to poſſeſs the earth.

They may think themſelves to be too roughly

handled in this Paper; but I, who know beſt how far I could have gone on this ſubject, muſt be bold to tell them they are ſpared; though at the ſame time I am not ignorant that they interpret the mildneſs of a writer to them as they do the mercy of the government: in the one they think it fear, and conclude it weakneſs in the other. The beſt way for them to confute me is, as I before adviſed the Papiſts, to diſclaim their principles, and renounce their practices. We ſhall all be glad to think them true Engliſhmen when they obey the King, and true Proteſtants when they conform to the church-diſcipline.

It remains that I acquaint the reader that theſe verſes were written for an ingenious young gentleman, my friend, upon his tranſlation of The Critical Hiſtory of the Old Teſtament, compoſed by the learned Father Simon; the verſes therefore are addreſſed to the tranſlator of that work, and the ſtyle of them is, what it ought to be, epiſtolary.

If any one be ſo lamentable a critick as to require the ſmoothneſs, the numbers, and the turn of heroick poetry, in this Poem, I muſt tell him, that if he has not read Horace I have ſtudied him, and hope the ſtyle of his Epiſtles is not ill imitated here. The expreſſions of a poem, deſigned purely for inſtruction, ought to be plain and natural, and yet manly; for here the poet is preſumed to be a kind of lawgiver,

and thofe three qualities which I have named are proper to the legiflative ftyle: the florid, elevated, and figurative, way is for the paffions; for love and hatred, fear and anger, are begotten in the foul by fhowing their objects out of their true proportion, either greater than the life, or lefs; but inftruction is to be given by fhowing them what they naturally are. A man is to be cheated into paffion, but to be reafoned into truth.

Dim as the borrow'd beams of moon and stars
To lonely, weary, wand'ring travellers,
Is reason to the soul: and as on high
Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
Not light us here; so reason's glimmering ray
Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,
But guide us upward to a better day.
And as those nightly tapers disappear
When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere,
So pale grows Reason at Religion's sight,
So dies, and so dissolves in supernat'ral light.
Some few, whose lamp shone brighter, have been led
From cause to cause, to Nature's secret head,
And found that one first principle must be;
But what or who that Universal He,
Whether some soul encompassing this ball
Unmade, unmov'd, yet making, moving all,
Or various atoms' interfering dance
Leapt into form, the noble work of Chance;
Or this great All was from eternity,
Not even the Stagirite himself could see,
And Epicurus guess'd as well as he.

As blindly gropp'd they for a future ſtate;
And rafhly judg'd of Providence and Fate;
But leaſt of all could their endeavours find
What moſt concern'd the good of humankind;
For happineſs was never to be found,
But vaniſh'd from 'em like enchanted ground.
One thought content the good to be enjoy'd;
This ev'ry little accident deſtroy'd:
The wiſer madmen did for virtue toil,
A thorny, or at beſt a barren ſoil:
In pleaſure ſome their glutton ſouls would ſteep,
But ſtound their line too ſhort, the well too deep,
And leaky veſſels which no bliſs could keep.
Thus anxious thoughts in endleſs circles roll,
Without a centre where to fix the ſoul:
In this wild maze their vain endeavours end;
How can the leſs the greater comprehend?
Or finite reaſon reach infinity?
For what could fathom God were more than He.

The Deiſt thinks he ſtands on firmer ground;
Cries Eſſex, the mighty ſecret's found:
God is that ſpring of good, ſupreme, and beſt;
We made to ſerve, and in that ſervice bleſt.
If ſo, ſome rules of worſhip muſt be giv'n,
Diſtributed alike to all by Heav'n;
Elſe God were partial, and to ſome deny'd
The means his juſtice ſhould for all provide.

This general worship is to praise and pray;
One part to borrow blessings, one to pay:
And when frail nature slides into offence,
The sacrifice for crimes is penitence.
Yet since th' effects of Providence we find
Are variously dispens'd to humankind;
That vice triumphs, and virtue suffers here,
(A brand that sov'reign Justice cannot bear)
Our reason prompts us to a future state,
The last appeal from Fortune and from Fate,
Where God's all-righteous ways will be declar'd,
The bad meet punishment, the good reward.

Thus man, by his own strength, to heav'n would soar,
And would not be oblig'd to God for more. [foar,
Vain, wretched creature! how art thou misled,
To think thy wit these godlike notions bred!
These truths are not the product of thy mind,
But dropt from heav'n, and of a nobler kind.
Reveal'd religion first inform'd thy sight,
And Reason saw not till Faith sprung the light.
Hence all thy nat'ral worship takes the source;
'Tis revelation what thou think'st discourse;
Why how com'st thou to see these truths so clear
Which so obscure to Heathens did appear?
Not Plato these, nor Aristotle, found,
Nor he whose wisdom oracles renown'd,
Hast thou a wit so deep or so sublime?
Say, how high lower dive or higher climb?

O

Canſt thou by reaſon more of Godhead know
Than Plutarch, Seneca, or Cicero?
Thoſe giant wits, in happier ages born,
When arms and arts did Greece and Rome adorn,
Knew no ſuch ſyſtem; no ſuch piles could raiſe
Of nat'ral worſhip, built on pray'r and praiſe,
To one ſole God:
Nor did remorſe to expiate ſin preſcribe,
But flew their fellow-creatures for a bribe:
The guiltleſs victim groan'd for their offence,
And cruelty and blood was penitence.
If ſheep and oxen could atone for men,
Ah! at how cheap a rate the rich might ſin!
And great oppreſſors might Heav'n's wrath beguile,
By off'ring his own creatures for a ſpoil!
Dar'ſt thou, poor worm! offend Infinity?
And muſt the terms of peace be giv'n by thee?
Then thou art juſtice in the laſt appeal;
Thy eaſy God inſtructs thee to rebel;
And like a king remote and weak, muſt take
What ſatisfaction thou art pleas'd to make.
But if there be a pow'r too juſt and ſtrong
To wink at crimes, and bear unpuniſh'd wrong,
Look humbly upward, ſee his will diſcloſe
The forfeit firſt, and then the fine impoſe;
A mulct thy poverty could never pay
Had not Eternal Wiſdom found the way,

And with celeſtial wealth ſupply'd thy ſtore;
His juſtice makes the fine, his mercy quits the ſcore.
See God deſcending in thy human frame,
Th' offended ſuff'ring in th' offender's name;
All thy miſdeeds to him imputed ſee,
And all his righteouſneſs devolv'd on thee.

For granting we have ſinn'd, and that th' offence
Of man is made againſt Omnipotence,
Some price that bears proportion muſt be paid,
And infinite with infinite be weigh'd.
See then the Deiſt loſt; remorſe for vice
Not paid, or paid inadequate in price.
What farther means can reaſon now direct?
Or what relief from human wit expect?
That ſhews us ſick, and ſadly are we ſure
Still to be ſick till Heav'n reveal the cure.
If then Heav'n's will muſt needs be underſtood,
(Which muſt, if we want cure, and Heav'n be good)
Let all records of will reveal'd be ſhown,
With ſcripture all in equal balance thrown,
And our one ſacred Book will be that one.

Proof needs not here; for whether we compare
That impious, idle, ſuperſtitious ware
Of rites, luſtrations, offerings, which before,
In various ages, various countries bore,
With Chriſtian faith and virtues, we ſhall find
Which beſt anſw'ring the great ends of humankind

But this one rule of life; that shews us best
How God may be appeas'd and mortals bless.
Whether from length of time its worth we draw,
The word is scarce more ancient than the law:
Heav'n's early care prescrib'd for ev'ry age,
First in the soul, and after in the page:
Or whether more abstractedly we look,
Or on the writers or the written Book,
Whence but from Heav'n could men unskill'd in arts,
In several ages born, in several parts,
Weave such agreeing truths? or how or why
Should all conspire to cheat us with a lie?
Unask'd their pains, ungrateful their advice,
Starving their gain and martyrdom their price.
If on the Book itself we cast our view,
Concurrent Heathens prove the story true:
The doctrine, miracles, which must convince,
For Heav'n in them appeals to human sense;
And tho' they prove not, they confirm the cause,
When what is taught agrees with Nature's laws.
Then for the style; majestick and divine,
It speaks no less than God in ev'ry line:
Commanding words, whose force is still the same
As the first Fiat that produc'd our frame.
All faiths beside or did by arms ascend,
Or sense indulg'd has made mankind their friend:
This only doctrine does our lusts oppose,
Unfed by Nature's soil in which it grows;

Croſs to our intereſts, curbing ſenſe and ſin,
Oppreſs'd without, and undermin'd within,
It thrives thro' pain, its own tormentors tires,
And with a ſtubborn patience ſtill aſpires.
To what can reaſon ſuch effects aſſign
Tranſcending nature but to laws divine?
Which in that ſacred volume are contain'd,
Sufficient, clear, and for that uſe ordain'd.
But ſtay; the Deiſt here will urge anew
No ſupernat'ral worſhip can be true;
Becauſe a gen'ral law is that alone
Which muſt to all and ev'ry where be known;
A ſtyle ſo large as not this Book can claim,
Nor ought that bears Reveal'd Religion's name.
'Tis ſaid the ſound of a Meſſiah's birth
Is gone thro' all the habitable earth;
But ſtill that text muſt be conſin'd alone
To what was then inhabited and known;
And what proviſion could from thence accrue
To indian ſouls, and worlds diſcover'd new?
In other parts it helps, that, ages paſt,
The Scripture there were known, and were embrac'd,
Till ſin ſpread once again the ſhades of night:
What's that to thoſe who never ſaw the light?
Of all objections this indeed is chief
To ſtartle reaſon, ſtagger frail belief.
We grant 'tis true that Heav'n from human ſenſe
Has hid the ſecret pow'r of Prov'dence:

But boundleſs Wiſdom, boundleſs Mercy, may
Find ev'n for thoſe bewilder'd ſouls a way:
If from his nature foes may pity claim,
Much more may ſtrangers who ne'er heard his name;
And tho' no name be for ſalvation known
But that of his eternal Son alone,
Who knows how far tranſcending Goodneſs can
Extend the merits of that Son to man?
Who knows what reaſons may his mercy lead,
Or ignorance invincible may plead?
Not only charity bids hope the beſt,
But more the great Apoſtle has expreſt;
That, "if the Gentiles (whom no law inſpir'd)
By nature did what was by law requir'd,
They, who the written rule had never known,
Were to themſelves both rule and law alone;
To Nature's plain indictment they ſhall plead,
And by their conſcience be condemn'd or freed."
Moſt righteous doom! becauſe a rule reveal'd
Is none to thoſe from whom it was conceal'd.
Then thoſe who follow'd Reaſon's dictates right
Liv'd up, and lifted high their nat'ral light;
With Socrates may ſee their Maker's face,
While thouſand rubrick martyrs want a place.
Nor doth it baulk my charity to find
Th' Egyptian biſhop of another mind:
For tho' his Creed eternal truth contains,
'Tis hard for man to damn to endleſs pains.

All who believ'd not all his zeal requir'd,
Unleſs he firſt could prove he was inſpir'd.
Then let us either think he meant to ſay,
This faith where publiſh'd was the only way;
Or elſe conclude that, Arius to confute,
The good old man, too eager in diſpute,
Flew high, and, as his Chriſtian fury roſe,
Damn'd all for hereticks who durſt oppoſe.

Thus far my charity this path hath try'd,
(A much unſkilful, but well-meaning guide)
Yet what they are, e'en thoſe crude thoughts were bred
By reading that which better thou haſt read,
Thy matchleſs author's work; which thou, my friend,
By well tranſlating better doſt commend:
Thoſe youthful hours which, of thy equals moſt
In toys have ſquander'd, or in vice have loſt,
Thoſe hours haſt thou to nobler uſe employ'd,
And the ſevere delights of truth enjoy'd:
Witneſs this weighty book, in which appears
The crabbed toil of many thoughtful years,
Spent by thy author in the ſifting care
Of Rabins' old ſophiſticated ware
From gold divine; which he who well can ſort
May afterwards make Algebra a ſport.
A treaſure which, if country curates buy,
They Junius and Tremellius may defy;
Save pains in various readings and tranſlations,
And without Hebrew make moſt learn'd quotations.

A work so full, with various learning fraught,
So nicely ponder'd, yet so strongly wrought,
As Nature's height and Arts last hand requir'd;
As much as man could compass uninspir'd:
Where we may see what errours have been made
Both in the copiers' and translators' trade;
How Jewish, Popish, int'rests have prevail'd,
And where infallibility has fail'd.

For some, who have his secret meaning guess'd,
Have found our author not too much a priest:
For fashion-sake he seems to have recourse
To Pope, and councils, and tradition's force:
But he that old traditions could subdue
Could not but find the weakness of the new.
If scripture, tho' deriv'd from heav'nly birth,
Has been but carelessly preserv'd on earth;
If God's own people, who of God before
Knew what we know, and had been promis'd more
In fuller terms, of Heav'n's assisting care,
And who did neither time nor study spare
To keep this Book untainted, unperplext,
Let in prose errours to corrupt the text,
Omitted paragraphs, embroil'd the sense,
With vain traditions stopt the gaping fence,
Which ev'ry common hand pull'd up with ease.
What safety from such brush-wood helps as these?
If written words from time are not secur'd,
How can we think have oral sounds endur'd?

which thus transmitted, if one mouth has fail'd,
Immortal lies on ages are entail'd;
And that some such have been, is prov'd too plain,
If we consider int'rest, church, and gain.
Oh but, says one, tradition set aside,
Where can we hope for an unerring guide?
For, since th' orig'nal Scripture has been lost,
All copies disagreeing, maim'd the most,
Or Christian faith can have no certain ground,
Or truth in church tradition must be found.
Such an omniscient church we wish indeed;
'Twere worth both Testaments, cast in the Creed;
But if this mother be a guide so sure
As can all doubts resolve, all truths secure,
Then her infallibility as well,
Where copies are corrupt, or lame, can tell;
Restore lost canon with as little pains
As truly explicate what still remains;
Which yet no council dare pretend to do,
Unless, like Esdras, they could write it new:
Strange confidence, still to interpret true,
Yet not be sure that all they have explain'd
Is in the blest'd original contain'd!
More safe, and much more modest, 'tis to say,
God would not leave mankind without a way,
And that the Scriptures, tho' not ev'ry where
Free from corruption, or entire, or clear,

Are uncorrupt, ſufficient, clear, entire,
In all things which our needful faith require.
If others in the ſame glaſs better ſee,
'Tis for themſelves they look, but not for me;
For my ſalvation muſt its doom receive,
Not from what others but what I believe.
Muſt all tradition then be ſet aſide?
This to affirm were ignorance or pride.
Are there not many points, ſome needful ſure
To ſaving faith, that ſcripture leaves obſcure?
Which ev'ry ſect will wreſt a ſev'ral way;
For what one ſect interprets all ſects may:
We hold, and ſay, we prove from Scripture plain,
That Chriſt is God; the bold Socinian
From the ſame Scripture urges he's but Man.
Now what appeal can end th' important ſuit?
Both parts talk loudly, but the rule is mute.
Shall I ſpeak plain, and, in a nation free,
Aſſume an honeſt layman's liberty?
I think (according to my little ſkill)
To my own Mother-church ſubmitting ſtill,
That many have been ſav'd, and many may,
Who never heard this queſtion brought in play.
Th' unlettr'd Chriſtian, who believes in groſs,
Plods on to heav'n, and ne'er is at a loſs:
For the ſame path the ſame Almighty guides,
The ſame his rule, and ſame his ample grace
Extends to all the nations of the earth.
Then ſhall a man, laborious and devout,
His life in pray'r and holy duties ſpent,
Not reach in virtue what a clown may merit?
The ſame in both muſt needs be his reward.
Can then the diff'rence of a learned clerk
Be anſwer'd at the laſt tremendous bar?
And muſt not Heav'n its own elect aſſoil,
Becauſe their ſenſe can only ſpell the text?
Can they by means of learning hope to find
More than the Scripture and the ſpirit bind?
Were ſalvation ſeal'd to ſtudious pains,
Where could the wretched reſt for ſure remains?
Were none admitted there but men of wit,
How few muſt then be ſav'd for want of it!

The few, by Nature form'd, with learning fraught,
Born to inſtruct, as others to be taught,
Muſt ſtudy well the ſacred page, and ſee
Which doctrine, this or that, does beſt agree
With the whole tenour of the work divine,
And plainlieſt points to Heav'n's reveal'd deſign;
Which expoſition flows from genuine ſenſe,
And which is forc'd by wit and eloquence.
Not that tradition's parts are uſeleſs here,
When general, old, diſint'reſted, and clear:
That ancient Fathers thus expound the page,
Gives truth the rev'rend majeſty of age;
Confirms its force by biding ev'ry teſt,
For beſt authorities next rules are beſt;
And ſtill the nearer to the ſpring we go,
More limpid, more unfoul'd, the waters flow.
Thus firſt traditions were a proof alone,
Could we be certain ſuch they were, ſo known;
But ſince ſome flaws in long deſcent may be,
They make not truth, but probability.
E'en Arius and Pelagius dar'ſt provoke
To what the centuries preceding ſpoke:
Such diff'rence is there in an oft'-told tale,
But truth by its own ſtrength will prevail.
Tradition written therefore more commends
Authority than what from voice deſcends;
And this, as perfect as its kind can be,
Reſts only on the ſtedfaſt Judge's fidelity,

Which from the universal church receiv'd,
Is try'd, and after for itself believ'd.
The partial Papists would infer from hence
Their church, in last resort, should judge the sense.
But first they would assume, with wondrous art,
Themselves to be the whole, who are but part
Of that vast frame, the church: yet grant they were
The handers-down, can they from thence infer
A right t' interpret? or would they alone
Who brought the present claim it for their own?
The Book 's a common largess to mankind,
Not more for them than ev'ry man design'd;
The welcome news is in the letter found,
The carrier 's not commission'd to expound:
It speaks itself, and what it does contain,
In all things needful to be known is plain.
In times o'ergrown with rust and ignorance,
A gainful trade their clergy did advance,
When want of learning kept the layman low,
And none but priests were authoris'd to know;
When what small knowledge was in them did dwell,
And he a god who could but read or spell;
Then Mother-church did mightily prevail,
She parcell'd out the Bible by retail,
But still expounded what she sold or gave,
To keep it in her pow'r to damn and save:
Scripture was scarce, and, as the market went,
Poor laymen took salvation on content,

As needy men take money, good or bad;
God's word they had not, but the priests' they had.
Yet, whate'er false conveyances they made,
The lawyer still was certain to be paid.
In those dark times they learn'd their knack so well,
That by long use they grew infallible.
At last, a knowing age began t' inquire
If they the Book or that did them inspire;
And, making narrower search, they found, tho' late,
That what they thought the priests' was their estate;
Taught by the will produc'd (the written word)
How long they had been cheated on record;
Then ev'ry man, who saw the title fair,
Claim'd a child's part, and put in for a share;
Consulted soberly his private good,
And sav'd himself as cheap as e'er he could.

'Tis true, my friend, (and far be flatt'ry hence)
This good had full as bad a consequence:
The Book thus put in ev'ry vulgar hand,
Which each presum'd he best could understand,
The common rule was made the common prey,
And at the mercy of the rabble lay:
The tender page with horny fists was gall'd,
And he was gifted most that loudest bawl'd:
The spirit gave the doctoral degree,
And ev'ry member of a company
Was of his trade, and of the Bible, free.

Plain truths enough for needful uſe they found,
But men would ſtill be itching to expound:
Each was ambitious of th' obſcureſt place;
No meaſure ta'en from knowledge, all from grace:
Study and pains were now no more their care;
Texts were explain'd by faſting and by pray'r:
This was the fruit the private ſpirit brought,
Occaſion'd by great zeal and little thought.
While crowds unlearn'd, with rude devotion warm,
About the ſacred viands buz and ſwarm,
The fly-blown text creates a crawling brood,
And turns to maggots what was meant for food.
A thouſand daily ſects riſe up and die;
A thouſand more the periſh'd race ſupply:
So all we make of Heav'n's diſcover'd will
Is not to have it, or to uſe it ill.
The danger 's much the ſame, on ſev'ral ſhelves,
If others wreck us, or we wreck ourſelves.

What then remains but, waving each extreme,
The tides of ignorance and pride to ſtem;
Neither ſo rich a treaſure to forego,
Nor proudly ſeek beyond our pow'r to know.
Faith is not built on diſquiſitions vain;
The things we muſt believe are few and plain:
But ſince men will believe more than they need,
And ev'ry man will make himſelf a creed,
In doubtful queſtions 't is the ſafeſt way
To learn what unſuſpected Ancients ſay;

For 't is not likely we ſhould higher ſoar
In ſearch of heav'n than all the church before:
Nor can we be deceiv'd, unleſs we ſee
The Scripture and the Fathers diſagree.
If, after all, they ſtand ſuſpected ſtill,
(For no man's faith depends upon his will)
'Tis ſome relief, that points not clearly known,
Without much hazard, may be let alone.
And, after hearing what our church can ſay,
If ſtill our reaſon runs another way,
That private reaſon 't is more juſt to curb,
Than by diſputes the publick peace diſturb;
For points obſcure are of ſmall uſe to learn,
But common quiet is mankind's concern.

Thus have I made my own opinions clear,
Yet neither praiſe expect, nor cenſure fear;
And this unpolish'd rugged verſe I choſe,
As fittest for diſcourſe and nearest proſe:
For while from ſacred truth I do not ſwerve,
Tom Sternhold's or Tom Shadwell's rhymes will ſerve.

THRENODIA AUGUSTALIS:

A FUNERAL PINDARIC POEM,

SACRED TO THE HAPPY MEMORY OF K. CHARLES II.

Fortunati ambo! si quid mea carmina possunt,
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo. VIRG.

I.

Thus long my grief has kept me dumb:
For there's a lethargy in mighty wo,
Tears ſtand congeal'd, and cannot flow;
And the ſad ſoul retires into her inmoſt room.
Tears, for a ſtroke foreſeen, afford relief;
But, unprovided for a ſudden blow,
Like Niobe we marble grow,
And petrify with grief.
Our Britiſh heav'n was all ſerene,
No threat'ning cloud was nigh,
Not the leaſt wrinkle to deform the ſky;
We liv'd as unconcern'd and happily
As the firſt age in Nature's golden ſcene.
Supine amidſt our flowing ſtore,
We ſlept ſecurely, and we dream'd of more,
When ſuddenly the thunderclap was heard;
It took us unprepar'd and out of guard,
Already loſt before we fear'd.

Th' amazing news of Charles at once were ſpread;
At once the general voice declar'd
"Our gracious Prince was dead."
No ſickneſs known before, no ſlow diſeaſe,
To ſoften grief by juſt degrees;
But like an hurricane on Indian ſeas
The tempeſt roſe;
An unexpected burſt of woes,
With ſcarce a breathing ſpace betwixt,
This now becalm'd, and periſhing the next.
As if great Atlas from his height
Should ſink beneath his heav'nly weight,
And, with a mighty ſlaw, the ſhaking wall,
As once it ſhall,
Should gape immenſe, and, ruſhing down, o'erwhelm
this nether ball;
So ſwift and ſo ſurpriſing was our fear:
Our Atlas fell indeed; but Hercules was near.

II.

His pious brother, ſure the beſt
Who ever bore that name,
Was newly riſen from his reſt,
And with a fervent flame
His uſual morning vows had juſt addreſt
For his dear Sov'reign's health,
And hop'd to have 'em heard
In long increaſe of years,
In honour, fame, and wealth.

Guiltless of greatness thus he always pray'd,
Nor knew nor wish'd those vows he made
On his own head should be repaid.
Soon as th' ill-omen'd rumour reach'd his ear,
(Ill news is wing'd with fate, and flies apace)
Who can describe th' amazement of his face!
Horrour in all his pomp was there,
Mute and magnificent without a tear,
And then the hero first was seen to fear.
Half unarray'd he ran to his relief,
So hasty and so artless was his grief:
Approaching greatness met him with her charms
Of pow'r and future state;
But look'd so ghastly in a brother's fate,
He shook her from his arms.
Arriv'd within the mournful room, he saw
A wild distraction void of awe,
And arbitrary grief unbounded by a law.
God's image, God's anointed, lay
Without motion, pulse, or breath,
A senseless lump of sacred clay,
An image now of Death.
Amidst his sad attendants groans and cries,
The lines of that ador'd forgiving face,
Distorted from their native grace;
An iron slumber sat on his majestick eyes.
The pious Duke——forbear, audacious Muse!
No terms thy feeble art can use

Are able to adorn so vast a wo:
The grief of all the rest like subject-grief did show;
His like a sov'reign did transcend;
No wife, no brother, such a grief could know,
Nor any name but friend.

III.

O wondrous changes of a fatal scene,
Still varying to the last!
Heav'n, tho' its hard decree was past,
Seem'd pointing to a gracious turn again;
And Death's uplifted arm arrested in its haste.
Heav'n half repented of the doom,
And almost griev'd it had foreseen
What by foresight it will'd eternally to come.
Mercy above did hourly plead
For her resemblance here below,
And mild Forgiveness intercede
To stop the coming blow.
New miracles approach'd th' ethereal throne,
Such as his wondrous life had oft' and lately known,
And urg'd that still they might be shown.
On earth his pious brother pray'd and vow'd,
Renouncing greatness at so dear a rate,
Himself defending what he could
From all the glories of his future fate.
With him th' innumerable crowd
Of armed prayers

Knock'd at the gates of Heav'n, and knock'd aloud;
The firſt well-meaning rude petitioners
All for his life aſſail'd the throne,
All would have brib'd the ſkies by offering up their own.
So great a throng not Heav'n itſelf could bar;
'Twas almoſt borne by force, as in the Giants' war.
The pray'rs at leaſt for his reprieve were heard;
His death, like Hezekiah's, was deferr'd:
Againſt the ſun the ſhadow went;
Five days thoſe five degrees were lent
To form our patience, and prepare th' event.
The ſecond cauſes took the ſwift command,
The medicinal head, the ready hand,
All eager to perform their part;
All but eternal Doom was conquer'd by their art:
Once more the fleeting ſoul came back
T' inſpire the mortal frame,
And in the body took a doubtful ſtand,
Doubtful and hov'ring, like expiring flame
That mounts and falls by turns, and trembles o'er the brand.

IV

The joyful ſhort-liv'd news ſoon ſpread around,
Took the ſame train, the ſame impetuous bound:
The drooping Town in ſmiles again was dreſs'd;
Gladneſs in ev'ry face expreſs'd,
Their eyes before their tongues confeſs'd.
Men met each other with erected look,
The ſteps were higher that they took;

Friends to congratulate their friends made haſte,
And long invet'rate foes ſaluted as they paſt.
Above the reſt heroick James appear'd,
Exalted more becauſe he more had fear'd:
His manly heart, whoſe noble pride
Was ſtill above
Diſſembled hate or varniſh'd love,
Its more than common tranſport could not hide;
But, like an eagre, rode in triumph o'er the tide.
Thus, in alternate courſe,
The tyrant paſſions, hope and fear,
Did in extremes appear,
And flaſh'd upon the ſoul with equal force.
Thus, at half ebb, a rolling ſea
Returns, and wins upon the ſhore;
The wat'ry herd, affrighted at the roar,
Reſt on their fins a while, and ſtay,
Then backward take their wond'ring way:
The prophet wonders more than they
At prodigies but rarely ſeen before,
And cries, A king muſt fall, or kingdoms change their ſway.
Such were our counter-tides at land, and ſo
Preſaging of the fatal blow
In their prodigious ebb and flow.
The royal ſoul, that, like the lab'ring moon,
By charms of art was hurry'd down,
For [illegible] with regret to leave her native ſphere,
Came but a while on liking here;

Soon weary of the painful ſtrife,
And made but faint eſſays of life.
An evening light,
Soon ſhut in night;
A ſtrong diſtemper, and a weak relief;
Short intervals of joy, and long returns of grief.

V.

The ſons of Art all med'cines try'd,
And ev'ry noble remedy apply'd:
With emulation each eſſay'd
His utmoſt ſkill; nay more, they pray'd:
Never was loſing game with better conduct play'd:
Death never won a ſtake with greater toil,
Nor e'er was Fate ſo near a foil:
But, like a fortreſs on a rock,
Th' impregnable diſeaſe their vain attempts did mock.
They min'd it near; they batter'd from afar
With all the cannon of the med'cinal war:
No gentle means could be eſſay'd;
'Twas beyond parley when the ſiege was laid:
Th' extremeſt ways they firſt ordain,
Preſcribing ſuch intolerable pain,
As none but Cæſar could ſuſtain:
Undaunted Cæſar underwent
The malice of their art, nor bent
Beneath whate'er their pious rigour could invent.
In five ſuch days he ſuffer'd more
Than any ſuffer'd in his reign before:

More, infinitely more, than he
Against the worst of rebels could decree,
A traitor, or twice-pardon'd enemy.
Now Art was tir'd without success;
No racks could make the stubborn malady confess
The vain assurances of life,
And they who most perform'd and promis'd less,
Ev'n Short and Hobbes, forsook th'unequal strife;
Death and despair was in their looks;
No longer they consult their memories or books:
Like helpless friends, who view from shore
The labouring ship, and hear the tempest roar,
So stood they with their arms across,
Not to assist, but to deplore
Th'inevitable loss.

VI.

Death was denounc'd, that frightful sound,
Which e'en the best can hardly bear:
He took the summons void of fear,
And unconcern'dly cast his eyes around,
As if to find and dare the grisly challenger.
What Death could do he lately try'd,
When in four days he more than dy'd.
The same assurance all his words did grace;
The same majestick mildness held its place,
Nor left the Monarch in his dying face:
Intrepid, pious, merciful, and brave,
He look'd as when he conquer'd and forgave.

VII.

As if ſome angel had been ſent
To lengthen out his government,
And to foretel as many years again
As he had number'd in his happy reign;
So cheerfully he took the doom
Of his departing breath,
Nor ſhrunk, nor ſtepp'd aſide for death;
But with unalter'd pace kept on,
Providing for events to come
When he reſign'd the throne.
Still he maintain'd his kingly ſtate,
And grew familiar with his fate:
Kind, good, and gracious, to the laſt,
On all he lov'd before his dying beams he caſt.
Oh truly good and truly great,
For glorious as he roſe, benign'ly ſo he ſet!
All that on earth he held moſt dear
He recommended to his care,
To whom both Heav'n
The right had giv'n,
And his own love bequeath'd ſupreme command:
He took and preſs'd that ever-loyal hand,
Which could in peace ſecure his reign,
Which could in wars his pow'r maintain;
That hand on which no plighted vows were ever vain.
Well, for ſo great a truſt, he chote
A prince who never diſobey'd,

Not when the moſt ſevere commands were laid;
Nor want nor exile with his duty weigh'd;
A prince on whom, if Heav'n its eyes could cloſe,
The welfare of the world it ſafely might repoſe.

VIII.

That king who liv'd to God's own heart,
Yet leſs ſerenely dy'd than he:
Charles left behind no harſh decree,
For ſchoolmen with laborious art
To ſalve from cruelty:
Thoſe for whom love could no excuſes frame
He graciouſly forgot to name.
Thus far my Muſe, tho' rudely, has deſign'd
Some faint reſemblance of his godlike mind;
But neither pen nor pencil can expreſs
The parting brother's tenderneſs:
Tho' that 's a term too mean and low;
(The bleſs'd above a kinder word may know;)
But what they did and what they ſaid,
The Monarch who triumphant went,
The militant who ſtaid,
Like painters, when their height'ning arts are ſpent,
Caſt into a ſhade.
That all-forgiving King,
The type of Him above,
That inexhauſted ſpring
Of clemency and love,

Himself to his next self accus'd,
And ask'd that pardon which he ne'er refus'd,
For faults not his, for guilt and crimes
Of godless men, and of rebellious times;
For an hard exile, kindly meant,
When his ungrateful country sent
Their best Camillus into banishment;
And forc'd their Sov'reign's act, they could not his
Oh how much rather had that injur'd chief [consent.
Repeated all his suff'rings past,
Than hear a pardon begg'd at last,
Which giv'n, could give the dying no relief!
He bent, he sunk beneath his grief!
His dauntless heart would fain have held
From weeping, but his eyes rebell'd:
Perhaps the godlike hero in his breast
Disdain'd, or was asham'd to show
So weak, so womanish a wo,
Which yet the brother and the friend so plenteously

IX. [confest.

Amidst that silent shower the royal mind
An easy passage found,
And left its sacred earth behind;
Nor murm'ring groan express'd, nor lab'ring sound,
Nor any least tumultuous breath;
Calm was his life, and quiet was his death:
Soft as those gentle whispers were
In which th' Almighty did appear;
By the still voice the prophet knew him there.

That peace which made thy proſp'rous reign to ſhine,
That peace thou leav'ſt to thy imperial line,
That peace, oh, happy Shade, be ever thine!

X.

For all thoſe joys thy reſtoration brought,
For all the miracles it wrought,
For all the healing balm thy mercy pour'd
Into the nation's bleeding wound,
And care that after kept it ſound:
For num'rous bleſſings yearly ſhow'r'd,
And property with plenty crown'd;
For freedom ſtill maintain'd alive,
Freedom, which in no other land will thrive,
Freedom, an Engliſh ſubject's ſole prerogative,
Without whoſe charms e'en peace would be
But a dull quiet ſlavery;
For theſe, and more, accept our pious praiſe;
'Tis all the ſubſidy
The preſent age can raiſe;
The reſt is charg'd on late poſterity:
Poſterity is charg'd the more,
Becauſe the large abounding ſtore,
To them, and to their heirs, is ſtill entail'd by thee.
Succeſſion, of a long deſcent,
Which chaſtely in the channels ran,
And from our demi-gods began,
Equal almoſt to time in its extent;
Thro' hazards numberleſs and great

Thou haſt deriv'd this mighty bleſſing down,
And fix'd the faireſt gem that deck'th th'imperial crown.
Not faction, when it ſhook thy regal ſeat,
Not ſenates inſolently loud,
(Thoſe echoes of a thoughtleſs crowd)
Not foreign or domeſtick treachery,
Could warp thy ſoul to their moſt deſtructive decree.
So much thy foes thy manly mind miſtook,
Who judg'd it by the mildneſs of thy look;
Like a well-temper'd ſword it bent at will,
But kept the native toughneſs of the ſteel.

XI.

Be true, O Clio, to thy hero's name;
But draw him ſtrictly ſo,
That all who view the piece may know
He needs no trappings of fictitious fame:
The load 's too weighty; thou may'ſt chuſe
Some parts of praiſe and ſome refuſe:
Write, that his annals may be thought more laviſh than the Muſe.
In ſtarry truth thou haſt confin'd
The virtues of a royal mind,
Forgiving, bounteous, humble, juſt, and kind:
His converſation, wit, and parts,
His knowledge in the noble, uſeful, arts
Were ſuch dead authors could not give;
But habitudes of thoſe who live,
Who, lighting him, did greater lights receive:
He drain'd from all, and all they knew;
His apprehenſion quick, his judgment true;

That the moſt learn'd with ſhame confeſs
His knowledge more, his reading only leſs.

XII.

Amidſt the peaceful triumphs of his reign,
What wonder if the kindly beams he ſhed
Reviv'd the drooping arts again,
If Science rais'd her head,
And ſoft Humanity, that from Rebellion fled?
Our iſle indeed too fruitful was before,
But all uncultivated lay
Out of the ſolar walk and Heav'n's highway;
With rank Geneva weeds run o'er,
And cockle at the beſt amidſt the corn it bore.
The royal huſbandman appear'd,
And plough'd, and ſow'd, and till'd;
The thorns he rooted out, the rubbiſh clear'd,
And bleſs'd th' obedient field;
When fraught a double harveſt roſe,
Such as the ſwarthy Indian mows,
Or happier climates near the line,
Or Paradiſe, manur'd and dreſs'd by hands divine.

XIII.

As when the new-born phœnix takes his way,
His rich paternal regions to ſurvey,
Of airy choriſters a numerous train
Attends his wondrous progreſs o'er the plain,
So riſing from his father's urn,
So ſhall our Charles return,

Th' officious Muſes came along,
A gay harmonious quire, like angels, ever young:
The Muſe that mourns him now his happy triumph ſung.
Liv'n they could thrive in his auſpicious reign,
And ſuch a plenteous crop they bore
Of pureſt and well-winnow'd grain,
As Britain never knew before.
Tho' little was their hire, and light their gain,
Yet ſomewhat to their ſhare he threw;
Fed from his hand, they ſung and flew,
Like birds of Paradiſe, that liv'd on morning-dew,
Oh never let their lays his name forget!
The penſion of a prince's praiſe is great.
Live then thou great encourager of arts,
Live ever in our thankful hearts;
Live bleſs'd above, almoſt invok'd below,
Live, and receive this pious vow,
Our patron once, our guardian angel now.
Thou Fabius of a ſinking ſtate,
Who didſt by wiſe delays divert our fate,
When faction, like a tempeſt, roſe
In Death's moſt hideous form,
Then Art to rage thou didſt oppoſe
To weather out the ſtorm:
Not quitting thy ſupreme command,
Thou heldſt the rudder with a ſteady hand,
Till ſafely on the ſhore the bark did land:
The bark that all our bleſſings brought,
Charg'd with thy ſelf and James a double royal freight.

XIV.

Oh frail eſtate of human things,
And ſlippery hopes below!
Now to our coſt your emptineſs we know;
(For 'tis a leſſon dearly bought)
Aſſurance here is never to be fought.
The beſt and beſt-belov'd of kings,
And beſt deſerving to be ſo,
When t'avert the fatal blow
Of faction and conſpiracy,
Death did his promis'd hopes deſtroy:
He toil'd, he gain'd, but liv'd not to enjoy.
What miſts of Providence are theſe
Thro' which we cannot ſee!
So ſaints, by ſupernat'ral pow'r ſet free,
Are left at laſt in martyrdom to die:
Such is the end of oft-repeated miracles.
Forgive me, Heav'n, that impious thought;
'Twas grief for Charles, to madneſs wrought,
That queſtion'd thy ſupreme decree!
Thou didſt his gracious reign prolong,
Even in thy ſaints' and angels' wrong,
His fellow-citizens of immortality;
For twelve long years of exile borne,
Twice twelve we number'd ſince his bleſs'd return;
So ſtrictly wert thou juſt to pay,
Even to the driblet of a day,

Yet ſtill we murmur, and complain
The quails and manna ſhould no longer rain:
Thoſe miracles 't was needleſs to renew;
The choſen flock has now the Promis'd Land in view.

XV.

A warlike prince aſcends the regal ſtate,
A prince long exercis'd by Fate:
Long may he keep, tho' he obtains it late!
Heroes in Heav'n's peculiar mould are caſt;
They and their poets are not form'd in haſte:
Man was the firſt in God's deſign, and man was made laſt.
Falſe heroes, made by flatt'ry ſo,
Heav'n can ſtrike out, like ſparkles, at a blow;
But, ere a prince is to perfection brought,
He coſts Omnipotence a ſecond thought.
With toil and ſweat,
With hard'ning cold, and forming heat,
The Cyclops did their ſtrokes repeat
Before th' impenetrable ſhield was wrought.
It looks as if the Maker would not own
The noble work for his
Before 't was try'd and found a maſterpiece.

XVI.

View then a monarch ripen'd for a throne.
Alcides thus his race began,
O'er infancy he ſwiftly ran;
The future god at firſt was more than man:

Dangers and toils, and Juno's hate,
Ev'n o'er his cradle lay in wait,
And there he grappled firſt with Fate:
In his young hands the hiſſing ſnakes he preſs'd;
So early was the deity confeſs'd:
Thus by degrees he roſe to Jove's imperial ſeat;
Thus difficulties prove a ſoul legitimately great.
Like his our hero's infancy was try'd;
Betimes the Furies did their ſnakes provide,
And to his infant arms oppoſe
His father's rebels, and his brother's foes;
The more oppreſs'd, the higher ſtill he roſe:
Thoſe were the preludes of his fate,
That form'd his manhood, to ſubdue
The hydra of the many-headed hiſſing crew.

XVII.

As after Numa's peaceful reign
The martial Ancus did the ſceptre wield,
Furbiſh'd the ruſty ſword again,
Reſum'd the long-forgotten ſhield,
And led the Latins to the duſty field:
So James the drowſy Genius wakes
Of Britain, long entranc'd in charms,
Reſtiff, and ſtumb'ring on its arms.
'Tis rous'd, and with a new-ſtrung nerve the ſpear al-
No neighing o' the warriour ſteeds, [ready ſhakes.
No drum or louder trumpet needs

T' inſpire the coward, warm the cold;
His voice, his ſole appearance, makes them bold.
Gaul and Batavia dread th' impending blow;
Too well the vigour of that arm they know:
They lick the duſt, and crouch beneath their fatal foe.
Long may they fear this awful prince,
And not provoke his ling'ring ſword;
Peace is their only ſure defence,
Their beſt ſecurity his word.
In all the changes of his doubtful ſtate,
His truth, like Heav'n's, was kept inviolate:
For him to promiſe is to make it fate.
His valour can triumph o'er land and main:
With broken oaths his fame he will not ſtain,
With conqueſt baſely bought and with inglorious gain.

XVIII.

For once, O Heav'n, unfold thy adamantine Book;
And let his wond'ring ſenate ſee,
If not thy firm immutable decree,
At leaſt the ſecond page of ſtrong contingency,
Such as conſiſts with wills originally free:
Let them with glad amazement look
On what their happineſs may be;
Let them not ſtill be obſtinately blind,
Still to divert the good thou haſt deſign'd,
Or with malignant penury
To ſtarve the royal virtues of his mind.

Faith is a Chriſtian's and a ſubject's teſt;
Oh, give them to believe, and they are ſurely bleſt!
They do; and with a diſtant view I ſee
Th' amended vows of Engliſh loyalty:
And all beyond that object there appears
The long retinue of a proſp'rous reign
A ſeries of ſucceſsful years,
In orderly array a martial manly train.
Behold even the remoter ſhores
A conqu'ring navy proudly ſpread;
The Britiſh cannon formidably roar,
While ſtarting from his oozy bed,
Th' aſſerted Ocean rears his rev'rend head,
To view and recognize his ancient Lord again,
And with a willing hand reſtores
The ſceptre of the main.

HEROICK STANZAS.

ON THE DEATH OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

WRITTEN AFTER HIS FUNERAL.

I.

And now 'tis time: for their officious haste
Who would before have borne him to the sky,
Like eager Romans, ere all rites were past,
Did let too soon the sacred Eagle fly.

II.

Tho' our best notes are treason to his fame,
Join'd with the loud applause of publick voice;
Since Heav'n, what praise we offer to his name,
Hath render'd too authentick by its choice.

III.

Tho' in his praise no arts can liberal be,
Since they, whose Muses have the highest flown,
Add not to his immortal memory,
But do an act of friendship to their own:

IV.

Yet 'tis our duty and our interest too
Such monuments as we can build to raise,
Lest all the world prevent what we should do,
And claim a title in him by their praise.

V.

How shall I then begin, or where conclude,
To draw a life so truly great?

For in a round what order can be shew'd
Where all the parts so equal perfect are?

VI.

His grandeur he deriv'd from Heav'n alone;
For he was great ere Fortune made him so:
And wars, like mists that rise against the sun,
Made him but greater seem, not greater grow.

VII.

No borrow'd bays his temples did adorn,
But to our crown he did fresh jewels bring;
Nor was his virtue poison'd soon as born
With the too early thoughts of being king.

VIII.

Fortune, that easy mistress to the young,
But to her ancient servants coy and hard,
Him at that age her fav'rites rank'd among,
When she her best-lov'd Pompey did discard.

IX.

He private mark'd the fault of others' sway,
And set as seamarks for himself to shun;
Not like rash monarchs, who their youth betray
By acts their age too late would wish undone.

X.

And yet dominion was not his design;
We owe that blessing not to him but Heav'n,
Which to fair acts unsought rewards did join,
And gave him that less than us were giv'n.

XI.

Our former chiefs, like ſticklers of the war,
Firſt fought t' inflame the parties, then to poiſe;
The quarrel lov'd, but did the cauſe abhor,
And did not ſtrike to hurt, but make a noiſe.

XII.

War, our conſumption, was their gainful trade:
We inward bled whilſt they prolong'd our pain;
He fought to end our fighting, and eſſay'd
To ſtaunch the blood by breathing of the vein.

XIII.

Swift and reſiſtleſs thro' the land he paſt,
Like that bold Greek who did the Eaſt ſubdue,
And made to battles ſuch heroick haſte,
As if on wings of victory he flew.

XIV.

He fought ſecure of Fortune as of Fame:
Still by new maps the iſland might be ſhown
Of conqueſts, which he ſtrew'd where'er he came,
Thick as the Galaxy with ſtars is ſown.

XV.

His palms, tho' under weights they did not ſtand,
Still thriv'd; no winter could his laurels fade:
Heav'n in his portrait ſhew'd a workman's hand,
And drew it perfect, yet without a ſhade.

XVI.

Peace was the prize of all his toil and care,
Which War had baniſh'd, and did now reſtore:

Bologna's walls thus mounted in the air,
To feat themſelves more ſurely than before. 64

XVII.

Her ſafety reſcu'd Ireland to him owes;
And treach'rous Scotland, to no int'reſt true,
Yet bleſs'd that fate which did his arms diſpoſe
Her land to civilize as to ſubdue. 68

XVIII.

Nor was he like thoſe ſtars which only ſhine
When to pale mariners they ſtorms portend;
He had his calmer influence, and his mien
Did love and majeſty together blend. 72

XIX.

'Tis true his count'nance did imprint an awe,
And nat'rally all ſouls to his did bow,
As wands of divination downward draw,
And point to beds where ſov'reign gold doth grow. 76

XX.

When paſt all off'rings to Feretrian Jove,
He Mars depos'd, and arms to gowns made yield,
Succeſsful councils did him ſoon approve
As fit for cloſe intrigues as open field. 80

XXI.

To ſuppliant Holland he vouchſaf'd a peace,
Our once bold rival of the Britiſh main,
Now tamely glad her unjuſt claim to ceaſe,
And buy our friendſhip with her idol, Gain. 84

XXII.

Fame of th' aſſerted ſea thro' Europe blown,
Made France and Spain ambitious of his love;
Each knew that ſide muſt conquer he would own,
And for him fiercely as for empire ſtrove.

XXIII.

No ſooner was the Frenchman's cauſe embrac'd,
Than the light Monſieur the grave Don outweigh'd;
His fortune turn'd the ſcale where'er 't was caſt,
Tho' Indian mines were in the other laid.

XXIV.

When abſent, yet we conquer'd in his right;
For tho' ſome meaner artiſt's ſkill were ſhown
In mingling colours, or in placing light,
Yet ſtill the fair deſignment was his own.

XXV.

For from all tempers he could ſervice draw;
The worth of each with its alloy he knew,
And as the confidant of Nature, ſaw
How the complexions did divide and brew.

XXVI.

Or he their ſingle virtues did ſurvey,
By intuition in his own large breaſt,
Where all the rich ideas of them lay,
That were the rule and meaſure to the reſt.

XXVII.

When ſuch heroick virtue Heav'n ſets out,
The ſtars, like commons, ſullenly obey;

Because it drains them when it comes about,
And therefore is a tax they seldom pay.

XXVIII.

From this high spring our foreign conquests flow,
Which yet more glorious triumphs do portend;
Since their commencement to his arms they owe,
As springs as high as fountains may ascend.

XXIX.

He made us freemen of the Continent,
Whom Nature did like captives treat before;
To nobler preys the English Lion sent,
And taught him first in Belgian walks to roar.

XXX.

That old unquestion'd pirate of the land,
Proud Rome, with dread the fate of Dunkirk heard,
And, trembling, wish'd behind more Alps to stand,
Altho' an Alexander were her guard.

XXXI.

By his command we boldly cross'd the line,
And bravely fought where southern stars wilde;
We trac'd the far-fetch'd gold unto the mine,
And that which bribe'd our fathers made our prize.

XXXII.

Such was our Prince; yet own'd a soul above
The highest acts it could produce to show:
Thus poor mechanick art in publick move,
While the deep secrets beyond it stay

XXXIII.

Nor dy'd he when his ebbing fame went lefs,
But when freſh laurels courted him to live;
He ſeem'd but to prevent ſome new ſucceſs,
As if above what triumphs earth could give.

XXXIV.

His lateſt victories ſtill thickeſt came,
As near the centre motion doth increaſe;
Till he, preſs'd down by his own weighty name,
Did like the Veſtal under ſpoils decreaſe.

XXXV.

But firſt the Ocean as a tribute ſent
That giant prince of all her wat'ry herd;
And th' iſle, when her protecting genius went,
Upon his obſequies loud ſighs conferr'd.

XXXVI.

No civil broils have ſince his death aroſe,
But Faction now by habit does obey,
And Wars have that reſpect for his repoſe
As winds for halcyons when they breed at ſea.

XXXVII.

His aſhes in a peaceful urn ſhall reſt;
His name a great example ſtands, to ſhow
How ſtrangely high endeavours may be bleſt,
Where piety and valour jointly go.

SATIRE ON THE DUTCH.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR M.DC.LXII.

As needy gallants, in the scriv'ner's hands,
Court the rich knaves that gripe their mortgag'd lands;
The first fat buck of all the season's sent,
And keeper takes no fee in compliment;
The dotage of some Englishmen is such
To fawn on those who ruin them, the Dutch.
They shall have all, rather than make a war
With those who of the same religion are.
The Streights, the Guinea trade, the herrings too;
Nay, to keep friendship, they shall pickle you.
Some are resolv'd not to find out the cheat,
But, cuckold-like, love them that do the feat.
What injuries soe'er upon us fall,
Yet still the same religion answers all.
Religion wheedled us to Civil war,
Drew English blood and Dutchmen's now would spare.
Be gull'd no longer; for you'll find it true,
They have no more religion, faith! than you.
Int'rest's the god they worship in their State,
And we I take it have not much of that.
Well monarchies may own religion's name,
But those are interests in their very frame.
They have a soul and such proportions fall,
That, like a think, 'tis nothing to them all.

Think on their rapine, falſehood, cruelty,
And that what once they were they ſtill would be.
To one well-born th' affront is worſe and more,
When he 's abus'd and baffled by a boor.
With an ill grace the Dutch their miſchiefs do;
They 've both ill nature and ill manners too.
Well may they boaſt themſelves an ancient nation,
For they were bred ere manners were in faſhion;
And their new Commonwealth has ſet them free
Only from honour and civility.
Venetians do not more uncouthly ride
Than did their lumber State mankind beſtride.
Their ſway became 'em with as ill a mien
As their own paunches ſwell above their chin.
Yet is their empire no true growth but humour,
And only two kings' touch can cure the tumour.
As Cato fruits of Afric did diſplay,
Let us before our eyes their Indies lay;
All loyal Engliſh will like him conclude,
Let Cæſar live, and Carthage be ſubdu'd.

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